

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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IN NIAGARA'S RAINBOWS AND SPRAY.

The venturesome trips of the stanch little steamer *Maid of the Mist*—not the first of the name—in the chasm of Niagara River below the great cataract, afford during the summer season one of the most distinct "thrills" in all the world of travel. The vast gulf is full of sound and fury, of rainbows and pearly mist, while the deep-green river rushes in mad currents below. The steamer takes on her rubber-clad passengers from a little dock at the foot of the inclined railway in Prospect Park, on the State reservation. First the "Rock of Ages" and the American Fall are passed, perilously near, as it seems. Then, rounding the rocky point of Goat Island, the tiny craft seems to rush into the very jaws of destruction, as she penetrates the seething amphitheatre of the mighty Horseshoe. Nearer and nearer, until she seems like a bird held trembling by the awful fascination of the waters. Then the engines are stopped, and the boat drifts backward out of the vortex, her passengers awed and silent from their close interview with Nature in her sublimest mood.

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The Optimist.

WHEN President McKinley recently said that the optimist was the happy man and the successful man he expressed a great truth. There have been fortunes made on the wrecks of others, and there have been gains from policies of gloom and predictions of disaster, and many an unfortunate person has been scared into a sacrifice which meant wealth for some one else; but these things are the calamities of life. The great, big, bustling, busy world has been built up by the optimists. The man of confidence is the man who has won, the factor who has accomplished the impossible and made civilization outstrip the miracles. Sometimes the optimist may fail, but he always has the capital of his own unconquerable hopefulness to begin anew, and he generally succeeds when he sees the pessimists falling all around him.

Optimism strung the telegraph-wires, laid the cables, built the railroads, constructed the ships, planned and executed a thousand great things which have meant millions upon millions of wealth and untold benefits to mankind. It is the same spirit that gives to all trade its best motive, to all employment its finest results. And now that we are on the threshold of better times, it is the one sentiment that the country needs. The great opportunities are in the future. In a country like this, which has just begun to grow, wealth, reputation and happiness are all to be found in larger degree than ever before, and the optimist is the man who is going to get the larger share of all these blessings.

Alcohol in Hot Weather.

DURING the recent hot spell in New York City it was observed at the hospitals that the number of cases of persons suffering with sunstroke or heat prostration was very much less than the records of the hospitals ten years ago and earlier showed to have been the case during similar periods of great heat.

The hospital authorities regarded that as abundant indication that people who live in great cities have learned that it is folly and a temptation to serious illness or death to drink alcoholic or excessively of malt liquors when the sun is raging in the heavens. In the earlier days, when the heat was great the temptation was to indulge in beverages which contained alcohol, often ingeniously and seductively concealed, and it was noticed that in a majority of cases brought to the hospitals during heated spells the patient had been using liquor frequently to excess.

It is the testimony, too, of those whose business it is to sell intoxicants that the demand for these beverages in hot weather is much less than used to be the case. Even confirmed toppers now qualify their beverages in hot weather, and it is only those who by some slip have forgotten the counsels of physicians and have taken a "bracer" or a "cooler" in the morning who are found later in the day to be under the influence of liquor. So great has been the change that it was observed upon the recent Fourth of July—a festive day in the earlier time, when many persons yielded to temptation, and when the newspaper reports of the following morning made long records of disaster due to drink—that in New York City the police made fewer arrests for drunkenness than are usually recorded on any given day, and the newspapers contained not a single account of disturbance or accident due to liquor. A visitor at one of the suburban resorts, where many thousands of the poorer citizens of New York are accustomed to go for a day's outing, reported that he saw but two persons under the influence of liquor.

This change is due in part, of course, to the present happy disposition of every one to make excursions into the country, an enjoyment made possible by the trifling fares charged by the trolley lines. But it is also in part due to the better understanding of the people of the laws which are necessary to follow if they would preserve health. Men in crowded cities now clearly understand that the use of intoxicants in very hot weather is not only a discomfort, greatly adding to the suffering which heat causes, but is also a positive invitation to the elements to prostrate the body. Oat-meal water, the more reasonable forms of temperance drinks, such as mineral waters, or milk, carbonized or peptonized, enable the system to resist heat and to throw off by means of perspiration the waste which great heat causes. Intoxicants tend to check perspiration, and thereby increase the danger of sunstroke or heat prostration. And as it is in the great cities, so it is said everywhere to be better and better understood that he who would preserve

health and maintain some degree of comfort in very hot weather must be prudent in eating, obtain sufficient sleep, wear light clothing, and keep the system absolutely free from alcohol or heavy malt beverages.

Aftermath of the Jubilee.

WITH the exception of the naval exhibition, the jubilee celebration in England was rather a failure, and a tawdry failure at that. In another column we print an article by Miss Harriet Munroe, who gives her impressions of the show with characteristic candor and freedom. But Miss Munroe is not the only chronicler who has looked with free eyes upon this wonderful celebration. It is interesting, to be sure, to hear what a Chicago personage happens to think when she looks upon the great dignitaries of Europe, but even in England there are those who speak out in terms of entire plainness.

Note what the *Saturday Review* says of the great operatic performance at Covent Garden, when the programme was arranged by the Prince of Wales:

"The programme chosen by the Prince of Wales was a piece of vulgarity which could only be contrived in England. . . . And then the press shouted for joy and told us of the mighty things the royal family had done for music! Of course many people try to explain a silly programme like Wednesday's by saying that the night was a social and not a musical one, or that the programme was chosen by official personages, and so on. I have noticed that whenever something not too creditable to the artistic taste of the royal family happens, it has been done by an official; but the first reason is a better one. It amounts to this: that society wants a vulgar hodge-podge, and the royal family has not the slightest hesitation in providing one. It would scarcely be fair to say that their taste is poor; the truth rather is that they have no taste."

Some of the more outspoken English journals also do not hesitate to find fault with the honors bestowed by the Queen on her subjects for loyalty and distinguished services. Victoria's reign has been almost totally barren of military glory—the glory of the era being due entirely to the triumphs of peace, to the discoveries of scientists, and the inventions of engineers and mechanics. None of the latter were honored by her Majesty when she reached the sixtieth year of her reign, but the military list—Lieutenant-General This and Lieutenant-Colonel That—was both long and weary. The nobodies were decorated, while the men who have done something to move the world forward were passed by.

The Queen is unquestionably an admirable woman, but she is also old, and the court functionaries evidently took advantage of conditions with which they were well acquainted, and turned the celebration as much as possible to the profit of their own class.

Meantime thousands and thousands of the Queen's subjects were dying of starvation in India, and the Sultan of Turkey was making ready to murder all the Christians upon whom Moslem hands could be laid.

Cornell and the Other Colleges.

THE rowing victories of Cornell were unquestionably very popular. This popularity was due in a very great measure to the fact that Cornell in the beginning had the reputation of being the poor man's college, and the people, therefore, esteem it to be less exclusive, less aristocratic, than either Yale or Harvard. This proves that the people are genuinely democratic in their tastes, and that they prefer that even institutions of learning should be regulated by democratic ideas while inculcating them. This is all very well; moreover, it is very American; but is it really so, that Cornell is more democratic than the other great colleges? We have not that knowledge of Cornell that enables us to speak of that institution with authority, but we know that both Yale and Harvard are distinctly democratic in the best sense. Further than this, we know that the very great majority of the students at both of these universities are the sons of poor men, and that nearly all of them, when the course is finished, are entirely dependent on their own labor for their livelihood. Under these circumstances how can it be possible for the institutions themselves to be different from the body of the students? It is probably true that more sons of rich men go to Yale and Harvard than to Cornell, but such students are so few among the many who are poor that they cannot establish any embarrassing standard as to living.

College jealousies are accountable for a great many mistaken notions. For instance, Yale men—graduates particularly—are fond of speaking of the Harvard manner. This they describe as a mixture of haughty rudeness and silly superciliousness. If we believed these Yale men we would have to conclude that the prevailing tone of Harvard was that of extreme caddishness. But, as a matter of fact, the great mass of the young fellows at Harvard and the great majority of those graduated from Harvard are simple, earnest, unaffected, every-day men, as free from nonsense and pretension as any men anywhere. And so, also, the Cornell men have intimated of late that Yale's indisposition to meet the Ithacans on the water was due to Yale's assumption of a higher social caste. The Ithacans, who have framed this unworthy indictment, forgot the collision at Saratoga in 1874, and the solemn declaration of Yale that she would row Cornell never again.

The truth probably is that there is as little pretense and vulgarity and assumption at Yale and Harvard as is possi-

ble, considering the number of young men matriculated at these two institutions. At both of these places, and at Cornell, too, there are no doubt some score of young asses with less sense than is wholesome. But this is also the case at the other colleges in the land, big and small, and at the high schools, too; and so it will be until the fool-killer works harder than he has ever been known to work. It is safer not to hearken to a Cornell man when he talks of Yale and Harvard, nor to a Yale man when he speaks of Harvard and Cornell; and so on through all the long list of these schools. It is safer, and pleasanter also, to believe that all of them, big and small, are doing a good work in training the young men upon whose sturdy shoulders the burdens of the next generation must rest.

The Trials of an Inventor.

THE trials and tribulations of inventors, particularly inventors of flying-machines, are proverbial. Edison was for years the tennis-ball of fortune; Tesla has been tried by fire; Keely, the mysterious motor man, has troubles peculiarly his own. But none of these martyrs of progress has gone through precisely the experience of Patrick Cook, of Second Avenue, New York City. Mr. Cook's serious occupation is that of gateman on the elevated railroad; but in his moments of recreation he invents flying-machines on the aeroplane or Eddy-kite plan. In these he has enough confidence to risk his neck at any time. One of these times was in the small hours before daybreak, about a fortnight ago. The scene of the experiment was High Bridge, that lofty and picturesque viaduct which crosses the Harlem River in the northern suburban district of Greater New York. Owing to the prejudice of the police against "bridge-jumpers," Mr. Cook chose the hour of two A. M. for soaring off the viaduct. He took an assistant along to help him launch the parachute, by means of which he proposed to descend, lightly as a butterfly, from the parapet of the bridge to the riverside beer-gardens, more than a hundred feet below. But, alas! on how trifling an accident the destinies of a great idea may turn. The parachute, with Cook tangled up in it, was hanging in mid-air, ready to be cut loose. There is no doubt that it would have fallen to the ground all right—though perhaps with unexpected rapidity. But before the rope could be cut, the inventor lost grip with his hands, and plunged headlong down the abyss of darkness. The parachute, not to be so easily beaten, caught him by the ankle with a cord, so that he dangled helpless in space, in danger of drowning in the air. The horror-stricken assistant ran away—perhaps with the idea of gathering up Cook's mangled remains on the ground below the bridge. Fortunately for science, two stalwart policemen happened along, and managed to haul in the slack of the parachute, with the half-dead inventor on the end of it. They promptly arrested him as a "suspicious person," and the magistrate before whom he was taken asked him if his mind was not a trifle unbalanced. The would-be winged man said, "Decidedly not," and was discharged with an admonition. Such is the inglorious tale of a modern Icarus, showing how the matter-of-fact material overrules the ideal, in this stubborn age of sad realities.

King Oscar.

WE are indebted to a correspondent for the following letter, which we hasten to print, for we are sure that the American people are hungry for the information the letter supplies with such ample generosity and satisfying exactness:

"Permit me to call your attention to an error in your issue of 8th instant.

"On page nineteen, third column, you write about 'King Oscar of Sweden.' This is incorrect, as there does not exist a King of Sweden, and none has existed since 1814. When King Oscar signs Norwegian documents his signature is 'King of Norway and Sweden,' etc.; when he signs Swedish documents his signature is 'King of Sweden and Norway,' etc.

"It is astonishing to me to see how representative American dailies and weeklies err on that point, and thus mislead the public.

"Yours truly,

KARL L. LEE.

"1717 Fairmount Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland."



—CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, the queen of American prima-donnas, abdicated, so to speak, in the full splendor of her eventful professional career, and apparently quitted the garish operatic scene without a shadow of regret. In private life she is Mrs. Carl Strakosch, her husband having been formerly as prominently active an impresario as she was a singer. Mr. and Mrs. Strakosch reside during the greater part of the year in their beautiful country place at New Hartford, Connecticut, but invariably come to New York for a few weeks during the opera season. Mrs. Strakosch takes as lively an interest in opera now from the boxes as she did once on the stage. Speaking of the past season's happenings at the Metropolitan, she says: "For a great many years singers in this country have received large salaries for their services, but it used to be the custom to give large compensation to those singers who drew the people and brought in the money. Now everybody connected with the grand opera gets a large salary, and the expenses are enormous whether the people come to hear or not."

Formerly the opera was self-supporting. There were no millionaire backers for operatic managers, and the managers themselves were able to make money, and now they are not." Mrs. Strakosch thinks the Wagnerian fad vastly overdone. There must be a reaction, and with it may come a taste for lighter grand opera. Regarding Madame Melba's break-down, she recalls the similar misfortunes of Gerster, Sembrich, and others who, like Melba, were trained by Madame Marchesi, and asks: "Can the method be to blame for this lack of vocal staying power?" Signor Sbriglia, of Paris, Mrs. Strakosch regards as the best living teacher. "It was Sbriglia," she says, "who taught Jean de Reszké and Nordica, and it was due to Sbriglia's masterly training that Jean de Reszké was graduated from an indifferent baritone to a very successful tenor. Plançon also was a pupil of his. His is the old Italian diaphragmatic method, which gives special endurance to the voice. As for myself, I was not fortunate enough in the early part of my career to have an opportunity of studying under any of the great teachers. I learned chiefly by hearing the best singers who came to this country in the early days."

=A figure of interest at the recent annual session of the Masonic Grand Lodge, held in New York City, was "Uncle Dan" Sickles. He is the dean of the



"UNCLE DAN" SICKLES.

Masonic fraternity, being in the eighty-third year of his age, and the oldest thirty-third degree Mason in this country. Daniel Sickles was born in the city of New York, March 25th, 1815. In early life he was a constructing engineer, and subsequently became an editor and publisher. His "Masonic Monitor" and "Ahiman Rezon" are standard text-books. Mr. Sickles received his first light in Masonry in 1848, in Lebanon Lodge. He was exalted to the grade of Royal Arch in Orient Chapter in 1848, and in 1850 was elected to high priest. Meanwhile he had essayed the grades of the Ancient Accepted Rite, wherein, on the 15th day of May, 1849, he was created a sovereign grand inspector-general, the thirty-third and last grade of this beautiful rite, and was made grand secretary-general of the Holy Empire. Still retaining his active membership in the Supreme Council, in 1890 he became the dean of the rite in the Masonic jurisdiction, having outlived all his contemporaries. In foreign jurisdictions he has been elected to honorary membership in the Supreme Councils of England and Brazil. "Uncle Dan" was the founder of the society known as "The Masonic Veterans of the State of New York." To-day, in his eighty-third year, he resides in Brooklyn, and evinces as keen an interest as ever in the world's progress.

=There is no such person as "Lieutenant Peary, United States Navy," though we have been reading in the newspapers about the Arctic proceedings of one who is invariably referred to by that title. The intrepid explorer is Civil-engineer R. E. Peary, United States Navy. The corps of civil engineers to which he belongs is a branch of the navy. If Mr. Peary is known to the press and the public as "Lieutenant" Peary, United States Navy, it is due to no fault of his.

=One often hears the inquiry, "Does So-and-so look like a poet?" And the answer is not readily forthcoming, possibly



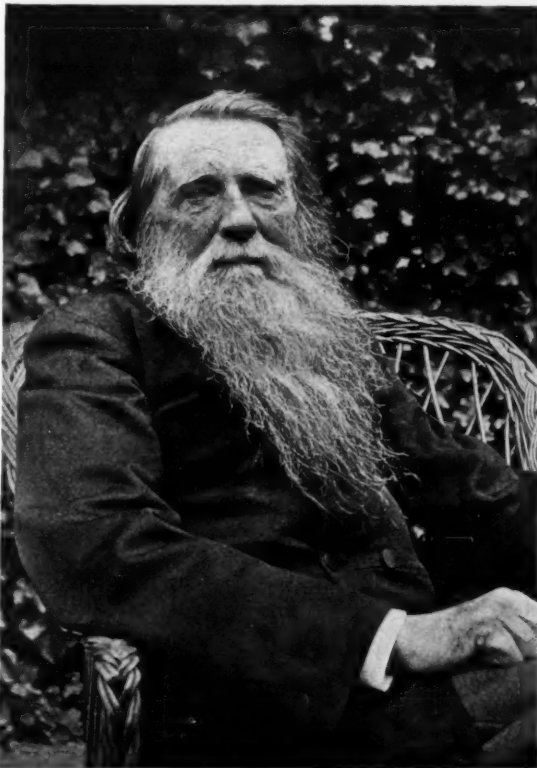
MR. MADISON CAWEIN.

because the regulation requirements of versifiers, in regard to outward appearance, vary as much as their verses. James L. Ford, in "The Literary Shop," speaks of a young man "clad in the ordinary working garb of a poet"; but as the book is not illustrated we are left to guess as to what that garb may be. Perhaps the only satisfactory way to settle the matter would be to obtain individual portraits of all the five thousand American poets, and then make a composite of them, or else deduce a type from their general characteristics. As a contribution towards such an object, we take pleasure in presenting herewith a portrait of Madison Cawein, of Louisville, Kentucky. There is no doubt—unless in the so-called minds of one or two magazine editors—about Mr. Cawein's poetic genius. If any further proof were needed, at this time, it might be found in the pretty little lyric, entitled "Then and Now," on page fifty-five of this number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. But Mr. Cawein's genius is not a satisfactory excuse for slipshod workmanship, and we are pained to say that this young and gifted poet does not pay that attention to form that he should. Probably, however, when the flush of youth has given place to the placidity of middle age—that is, when Mr. Cawein has "come to forty year"—he will not hurry so fast, but take more pains before going to press.

=None of the new anecdotes of Queen Victoria have quite the naïf charm of this old—and true—one: One of the princely grandsons asked the Queen for a sovereign, and received instead

a lecture against extravagance, in the royal handwriting. The boy politely thanked her: "Dearest Grandmamma—I received your letter, and hope you will not think I was disappointed because you could not send me any money. It was very kind of you to give me good advice. I sold your letter for four pounds ten shillings."

=Very little is heard nowadays of John Ruskin, but the venerable sage is still living in retirement at Brantwood, while the years pass on and art increases without his heed. He is dreaming away the last days of his life peacefully, planning always for more work to be done "to-morrow." His twilight time is passed by a wide window looking out from his library across the English landscape, so beautiful always in his sight. He receives no visitors excepting a few old friends, and these come but rarely. His hair and long beard are white, but his features scarcely show his great age, while his eyes are as keen and brilliant as when they gazed upon the beauties of Italy or the fresh canvases of Turner. The public has known but little of Ruskin's private life, and there has always prevailed an idea that it was



JOHN RUSKIN.

filled with sorrow, from the fact that he was divorced from his wife because of her having fallen in love with Sir John Millais, his friend. The story is really a sad one, and yet it was not taken to heart by Ruskin. It should be remembered that the young Mrs. Ruskin was not his first love, the object of the ardent passion of his youth having married another. That was when the heart-break came. Years after his divorce Ruskin met another woman whom he loved and to whom he was engaged for several years, but the engagement was broken because of Ruskin's unorthodox religious beliefs. She was resolute, but it is said the grief of it all killed her. When she was dying Ruskin came to her, but was not admitted, for she sent out this message: "Can you say you love God better than you love me?" and when his answer came, "No," the door was closed upon him forever. Ruskin's early life was not one of great enjoyment, yet in no way particularly sad. He was born in Bloomsbury in 1819. He was reared on Puritanical principles, his mother having been a stern woman with little affection, while his father was tender, loving, and sensitive, with high principles, but devoid of ambition. He was a wine merchant of means.

=Though approaching three-score-and-ten, ex-Mayor Samuel A. Green, of Boston, is still a factor in the daily life of the older set of Bostonians. Dr. Green



EX-MAYOR SAMUEL A. GREEN.

is one of those quaint New England characters that time nor tide seem to change. As the librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society for nearly thirty years, he is known far and wide as an authority on matters dealing with the early settlement of New England. Like most elderly, scholarly gentlemen, Dr. Green admires historic things, and dislikes to put on the new for the old; and this accounts for the retention of his residence in the heart of the city, which has been robbed of many of its original charms and attractions by the encroachments of the foreign population of the city. But Dr. Green still lives there, notwithstanding that he is almost completely hemmed in by Boston's Chinatown. Dr. Green received his degree from Harvard in the early 'fifties, and, after a tour of the continent, settled in Boston as a practicing physician. During the war he was one of the best-known Union surgeons. He was in the Burnside expedition in charge of the hospital-ship, and was the chief medical officer at Morris Island during the siege of Fort Wagner. Since the war Dr. Green has held many important offices in Boston.

=John Hay's alma mater, Brown University, is the first college to ornament him with an honorary degree since his appointment as ambassador to London. The honor, an LL.D., comes to him nearly forty years after graduation, and doubtless there are those who will speculate on the further time that it would have been delayed but for the political honor conferred on him.

Mr. Hay may expect ere long, though not, perhaps, for two years, a D.C.L. or an LL.D. from Oxford or Cambridge. One or the other of these universities is as certain, almost, to dignify "the American minister" with a degree as Harvard used to be in thus complimenting the Governor of Massachusetts—a practice that was unvarying until Ben Butler broke the precedent by failing to receive one.

=Among the young artists of America Mr. Howard C. Christy is making for himself a distinctive and a distinguished

place. He is all artist, and from the crown of his head to his very finger-tips he is full of that enthusiasm which has its beginning and its end in a love of beauty, and of truth which is beauty. Like most young artists with their own way to make in the world, Mr. Christy is devoting much of his time to that branch of his profession which brings the quickest results—that is, he is illustrating. This is well for the many who see the first-class periodicals, but is it



MR. HOWARD C. CHRISTY.

well for Mr. Christy? He is amply able to take the first rank among the illustrators, as those who have seen his pictures in LESLIE'S WEEKLY can attest, but, then, Mr. Christy is a painter, and it would be as easy for him to achieve high rank among the painters as among the illustrators. The difficulty is that precious few people care to buy American paintings. They go to the alien dealers who line Fifth Avenue, and pay outrageously high prices for third-rate foreign works not one-half as good as those of home production which remain unsought and undesired in the studios of our native painters. It is to be hoped, for the sake of art itself, and for the sake also of the gifted young men of Mr. Christy's generation, that American picture-buyers will cultivate, before many years have passed away, sounder knowledge and better taste than that which now prevails.

=Richard Harding Davis would appear to have reached the goal of an American reporter's ambition in becoming a war correspondent of the London Times. It is certainly a jump from the assignment he received from the Evening Sun, only a few years ago, to "write up" Trinity Church, and it is a notable recognition of American journalism. Writing for the Times bears with it the handicap of anonymity, for that paper, more than any other, preserves the impersonal character of its columns, though its correspondents still have much of the prestige and the capacity for "entering the cabinets of kings" with which Warrington invested them in the eyes of young Penderennis. Mr. Davis is very fond of London and very much at home there, and while there he lives at The Albany, the celebrated chambers that have housed so many great men, and are now more sought after by American bachelors in London than by young Englishmen themselves.

=Francis B. Loomis, the newly-appointed envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Venezuela, is a good example of the news-

paper man in diplomacy. Under President Harrison he was United States consul at Etienne, France. Returning home from that post, he became the editor-in-chief of the Cincinnati Tribune. Previous to his consular service Mr. Loomis had been for several years a Washington newspaper correspondent. In the Presidential campaigns of 1884 and 1888 he had charge of the literary and press bureaus of the headquarters of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Loomis is a college man as well as a trained journalist, and his consular reports were so ably prepared that they attracted the attention of the Democratic administration, and secured for him the offer of reappointment, which he declined. During the last campaign he was stationed at Canton, the Ohio home of President McKinley, whose personal friendship he enjoyed.

=There probably never was a more elegant Latinist than the late Professor George M. Lane, of Harvard, and his courses of instruction were always eminently popular. He liked best to teach the livelier and more graceful of the Roman authors, rather than the more "instructive," and it would sometimes happen that he would give half his lecture-hour to the consideration of, perhaps, a recipe for cooking that was popular in Pliny's time, or some similarly trifling fact, unimportant in itself, but of fascinating interest as discussed and annotated by him. If the stories they used to tell of him in Cambridge are true he rivaled Dumas in appreciative knowledge of the culinary art, and he was an epicure in the better sense of the term. He is the next of the university's really great professors to go after Child, and he leaves none of his kind behind him there, and few of his rank.



MR. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS.



MRS. MCINTOSH, BALLAD-SINGER.



FRED. J. PIPER, BARITONE.



MADAH HYERS, DRAMATIC PRIMA-DONNA.



JENNIE SCHEPAR, SOPRANO.



MISS SCHEPAR IN CHARACTER POSE.



MAMIE EMERSON.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND WALKER, COMEDIANS.
Photograph by Hall.

BELLE DAVIS.

IN DARKEST VAUDEVILLE.

The genuine negro element in vaudeville, as distinguished from the old-time minstrelsy of white men with blackened faces, has developed conspicuously in the past season. The inherent musical genius of the African race has been recognized, it is true, from the earliest slavery days; and upon it is founded whatever distinctive quality our American music, as such, may possess. But hitherto it has been held as a rule that, except possibly for singing, the imitation negro on the stage was better than the real one. The first palpable demonstration to the contrary, here in New York, has been furnished by the "team" of Williams and Walker, who may be truly characterized as the original professional "coons." These two artists of color first attracted attention in the cake-walk line, and for the greater part of a year past have been a popular feature of the programme at Koster & Bial's.

All the pictures on this page, with the exception of those of Messrs. Williams and Walker, are of members of Isham's company of Octoroon singers, now at Hammerstein's Olympia roof-garden. This organization, which is similar to the well-known "Oriental America," under the same management, consists of more than a score of well-trained singers, including some phenomenal voices and a number of perfect types of dusky feminine beauty. In "Forty Minutes of Grand and Comic Opera" they give, with the appropriate costumes and scenery, selections from such works as "Faust," "Trovatore," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pinafore," "The Geisha," etc., all with artistic precision and dramatic force, and yet with a difference—with a mellow cadence, a Southern softness of accent, as strange as sweet. In Southern ballads and negro songs the individual stars of the organization shine their brightest.

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THE MARTINSVILLE FEUD.

By WILLIAM McKENDREE BANGS.

I.

It was early spring in Martinsville. The hillsides and the meadows were green, but the trees had not shown more than the merest suggestion of their coming leaves. There was promise of summer in the air, but the river was a torrent, quarrelsome, menacing. Through all the winter it had been locked in ice and had borne on its bosom many gay and joyous skating-parties; through the summer it would be like a brook meandering between green fields and gently sloping hills. Now the water was encroaching upon the lands of the farmers; should it rise higher the houses near its banks would be wrecked, the stock in the barns would be drowned, and human life imperiled. It was an anxious time. The river was full of drift-wood. Far away, in the big woods near the river's source, the lumbermen had been cutting down trees all the winter, and the great trunks had been drawn and sledged and rolled down upon the ice. It



"He ran along the log and caught Hollister by the shoulders."

was expected that when the spring should come the logs would be floated down the river to where the boom at the saw-mill would stop them, and that then skilled men would capture the monsters and feed them to the hungry steel teeth of the saws. But the spring thaw came too suddenly. The river was swollen, by a continuous rain-storm and the rapidly melting snow, beyond anything that any one could remember. The boom was broken. Down the river the big logs raced until some of them became entangled in the arches of the railroad bridge below the village. These stopped others. Soon a dam was formed. To be sure the water ran through, but it ran slowly, and the river back of the unwished-for dam was rising rapidly. All of Martinsville was in serious danger.

Many of the strongest of the men were trying with hooks and poles, at the risk of life itself, to loosen the logs and send them onward. Those whose houses were nearest the river were moving their furniture and belongings to higher, safer ground; some were helping them, while still others were watching the river and wondering what would happen next. John Brewster was watching. He had been active and helpful; but there seemed nothing for him to do for the moment. His own home was far from any danger. Presently, as he tired of his immediate surroundings, he walked along up the stream to see what might be happening there. The rushing, swirling water fascinated him. He stood at length upon a bit of rising ground. Suddenly he heard a cry. "Help!" He was startled, but he waited, that he might be sure whence the cry had come. "Help!" came the cry again, and to John Brewster it seemed that the voice was perceptibly weaker. He ran with all his speed to the river's edge. There he saw that some one had ventured to walk out upon a log, one end of which had run upon the bank. Near its outer end he had slipped, and another floating log had so caught his leg that he could not extricate it. As Brewster saw whom it was he was tempted to turn his back and leave the other to the river. For many years no Brewster had done a kindly act for a Hollister; no Hollister had spoken of a Brewster with respect or friendliness, and it was sometimes whispered that the burning of a Hollister barn was not so altogether accidental as it appeared to be, and there were those who believed that a Brewster had come to sudden death with the aid of some Hollister. And this man out upon the rising river, caught so cruelly between the logs, was Henry Hollister. His training should have led John Brewster away; his own inclinations so led him. But after a moment's hesitation he ran along the log and caught Hollister by the shoulders. Hollister had fainted. Brewster held him and slowly pushed the imprisoning log away. He dragged Hollister to the shore. John Brewster

was very young, but he had his share of the strength for which his family were famous, and when he found that Hollister did not revive he lifted him to his shoulder and carried him to the nearest neighbor's. On the way he looked again at the river and he saw that something had happened. There was a more hurried movement of the logs in the centre of the river. The log upon which he had ventured to save Hollister was jarred loose by others that were floated against it. He heard shouts from down the river. He knew that the jam at the bridge had been broken. He hurried on. When at length he arrived with his burden it was found that Hollister's leg was broken; but the simple remedies at hand restored him to consciousness. He was in great pain.

"I saw you coming," were his first words to Brewster. "I saw you coming; but you didn't dare touch me, if I was fainting. You didn't dare touch me!"

"I just did dare—" Brewster began, and there was danger that his good action would be undone by his own anger and his own hands; but the good woman into whose hands he had surrendered Hollister interfered.

"You ought to be just ashamed of yourself, Hen Hollister," she said. "Jack Brewster saved your life. That's what he did."

"Saved my life!" Hollister almost screamed. "I am beholden— Oh, God! I wouldn't be beholden to a Brewster—" Then he turned to Brewster and went on angrily and threateningly: "But I'll get square with you, Jack Brewster! You mark my words! I'll get square."

Thus the Martinsville feud grew. The Hollisters could not bear it that any of them was under an obligation to a Brewster. The Brewsters could not endure it that to a Hollister a Brewster had done a kindness. Truly, they hated one another bitterly.

II.

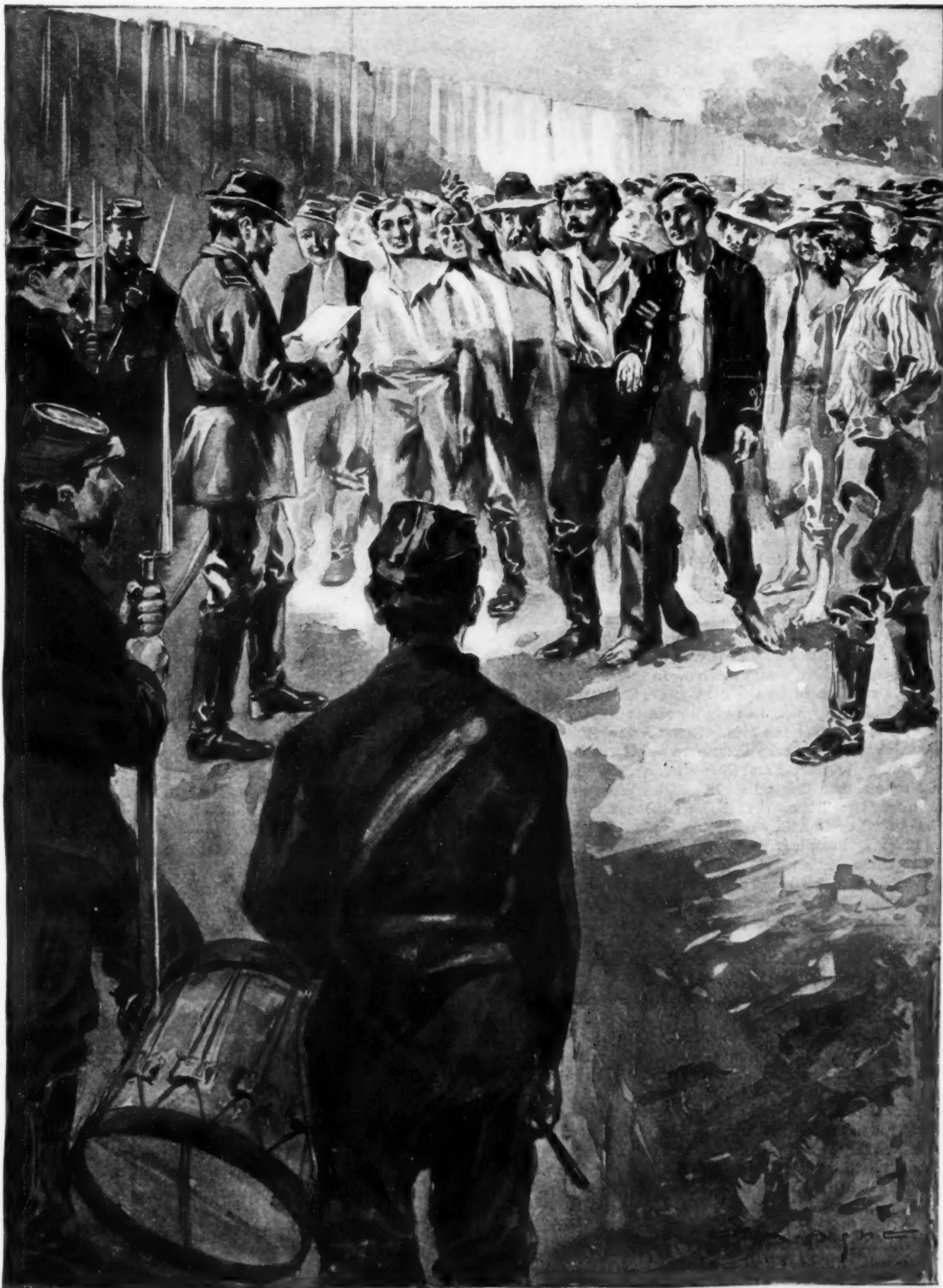
THE sun beat down remorselessly upon the dried and trodden

field of the great inclosure. The stream of dirty water that ran through the grounds seemed more sluggish, more unwholesome, even, than was usual with it. Along the elevated platform that ran along the outer side of the stockade, around all the pen, the sentinels paced their beats restlessly. There was little for them to do—no reason was apparent why they should even keep their eyes open. Few of the prisoners were energetic enough to make any attempt at escape, or were disposed to break any of the rigid rules adopted for their government. It was a hot day in Andersonville.

Once in a while there could be heard the voice of an officer giving an order without the inclosure, or a sentry challenging a passer-by. Many of the prisoners, to escape the burning of the sun, had crawled into the burrows they had dug, here and there, to protect them from the chilly winds of wintry nights. The few shanties in the place were filled with men who, lying down, slept if they could, or tossed about in discomfort.

They were a sorry-looking lot. The new-comers were yet reasonably strong, and many of them were decently clad; but some of them had been so overcome with horror as they first looked at their fellows who had been imprisoned longer, that they suffered, in anticipation, all that men could suffer, and were already demoralized. Others among them would not be discouraged, and it was these who planned escape, or did whatever could be done to effect it. It was upon these that others, crushed and utterly hopeless otherwise, relied.

Henry Hollister did not share the general lassitude and apathy. He walked about the inclosure, looking with horror and wonder at the men he saw about him. He could not understand how men could be so beaten, whatever their sufferings. He had been captured only a few days before. He was stalwart and hopeful; the heat was not overpowering to him. Notwithstanding the rather severe campaign he had been through, his uniform was in fair condition, and, altogether, he was a strong contrast to the men who had been so long in horrible confine-



"Here's Hollister, Seventeenth Pennsylvania," he called, as he half lifted, half pushed Brewster into place."

ment. In the homely, straightforward way characteristic of him he questioned those he met. Some he found apathetic. He found some, perhaps too weak to work, intent upon some gambling game invented in desperation. He found some unwilling to think of home or those they had left behind them.

"See here, stranger," said one of these, in reply to his questions, "you had better not ask too many questions. You may hurt too much. My wife? I dare not think I ever had one. Thought of her would drive me crazy."

Others he found who sustained themselves through all their weakness and suffering by continued thought of wives and children, and by the blessed hope that they would live to see them again. He was not much of a student of human nature, or of anything else; but even he could not fail to see that here was an exhibition of character not to be observed often.

So Henry Hollister went around the prison-pen asking questions of this one or that, or merely looking at the men he met. Presently he entered a shanty. It was the one nearest the entrance through the stockade. There, it happened, he found men who had been captured many months earlier. All of them were deplorably weak, all of them were ragged and unkempt; some of them had barely clothes enough to cover them decently; several of them had each only a pair of sadly-worn trousers. These seemed to Hollister the worst-conditioned of all that he had met, and the unhappiest. He was angry and indignant.

"Why haven't you fellows ever made a break to get away?" he asked, curtly.

"We have made breaks enough," one of them answered, indifferently.

"But we could never break hard enough," another interjected.

"Then why didn't you go on and break again?" Hollister persisted. "Anything would be better than this."

"Yes," answered the one who had replied first, "anything would be better than this. But you tell him, Simpson," he added, turning to another of the unfortunates.

"Of the last attempt?" Simpson asked.

"Yes."

"Well," Simpson drawled. "You all know about that, well enough."

"Yes; but tell him."

"We made a tunnel," Simpson went on, turning to Hollister. "That sounds easy. But if you ever try it you will know what it means of work and patience. I'll show you sometime where it began. The other end of it, I guess, no one will ever see again. We marked the direction with great care. We were very careful. But I guess some one must have told the guard. We have had men of that kind here. Anyway, we dug away for weeks and weeks. It was slow work. Only one man could be in there at one time, but we took turns, day and night. We carried the dirt away by little handfuls at a time. No one ever dropped a bit of dirt before the entrance. We were too careful for that. We carried the dirt away in our pockets, in old tin cans we could hide under our blouses—we had blouses then," he interrupted his story to say, grimly. "Well, at last we got it done—got the long hole finished. Then we waited for a dark night to come to make the break. We didn't want to lose

all our time and patience; we didn't want to be recaptured just as we got out of the hole on the other side. At last the night we had been waiting for came all right. The dozen of us who were in the plan crawled one after another into the tunnel. Luckily for me, we had settled it that we would keep a good distance apart. You see, there wasn't much air in there. We drew lots, and it was my turn to be the next to the last. We made our way slowly, inch by inch, like big worms, or like moles, creeping along there under the ground. I tell you, it was ticklish business. We weren't sure that there would not be a cave-in any minute. But liberty and life we were after. Nothing else would take a man into a hole like that. Well, we got along. After a long time I knew that the men ahead of me were out of the hole, for I could tell by the difference in the feel of the air. Then suddenly I saw a great light ahead of me. I didn't know what to make of that. I knew it couldn't be the sun. We hadn't been in there long enough for that. I was frightened, sure enough. While I was puzzling I heard the report of muskets, and then I heard the baying of hounds. Then I knew what had happened. They had discovered what we were trying to do. They had waited there until all the men they thought were in had come through. Then they lighted a fire they had all ready; then they turned their muskets on 'em; then they turned their dogs loose. In time the man behind me and I made our way back. We were nearly scared to death. We thought they would have a man or more at this end of the tunnel to kill us as examples, but they didn't. I suppose they didn't think it worth while; they thought they had us all at the other end. Well, we haven't made any breaks for liberty since."

"Did you never find the man who told?" Hollister asked.

"No. Likely he went out in the next batch of exchanges."

"And you haven't tried since?" Hollister went on. "You ought to have tried. You'd have done it next time."

"Oh, yes," some one sneered. "Suppose you'll be leading a party to freedom next."

"I will," Hollister asserted, firmly.

"You will, will you? When will you begin? You'd better waste no time. If you wait you'll lose your nerve, and then you'll never try."

Hollister was angry and disgusted. It did not seem right that men should yield so easily. Besides, it was evident enough they had no faith in him, and believed that he would fail as they had failed, and become as spiritless as they. Their jeers annoyed him.

"You're a mean lot," he said, contemptuously and angrily. "You ain't worth trying to help."

"Sneering at your betters in hard luck, eh?" came from a man lying down next to the wall of the shanty. "That's just like you, Hen Hollister!"

Hollister was surprised; he had not expected to be called by name, for, so far as he knew, there was no one in Andersonville who was acquainted with him. He walked over and looked carefully at the man who had spoken. The man was clad only in a pair of trousers; he was sadly emaciated; the skin was drawn tight and hard over his ribs. It was some moments before Hollister could place him in his memory.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Jack Brewster? I didn't know you were here. Well, you are too weak to kick!"

"Yes," assented Brewster, "I am too weak to kick."

As the sun was about to go down on Andersonville that day there was an unusual commotion at the prison gate. At first, as the guard entered, the men thought a new batch of prisoners was to be turned in to join them; but as the drums were beaten they knew that an exchange had been ordered. Experience had taught them the indications, but they had never learned how the selection was made of those who were to go. Date of capture or bodily condition seemed to have no weight. The prisoner of a week might be called next to one who had been confined for many months; a strong man might precede one scarcely able to walk. As the drum-beats were heard, those of the prisoners who were not too weak or utterly hopeless mustered near the entrance. The officer in charge read the names of those who were to go, from a slip of paper he held in his hand. As they were called the men took their places in the line. There was no delay. The officer read on. If a man were not present his friends looked for him; if he should be brought in time his name would be checked and he would be permitted to take his place.



"SHE CLIMBED UPON THE STEPS OF THE CARRIAGE AND HUNG UPON HOLLISTER'S SHOULDERS A WONDROUS WREATH OF ROSES."

"Hollister, Seventeenth Pennsylvania," the officer called, and Henry Hollister, elated and rejoicing, moved forward; but suddenly he turned. He forced his way past the men about him and ran with all the speed he could to the shanty where he had seen Brewster. "Here," he said, "you're wanted." Without waiting for reply he lifted Brewster, put on him his own jacket and cap, and hurried him away. "Here's Hollister, Seventeenth Pennsylvania," he called, as he half lifted, half pushed Brewster into place. Brewster scarcely knew what it was all about.

As the gate closed upon the prisoners and the guard, Hollister said to himself, with satisfaction, "Well, I guess that score is paid."

III.

APPARENTLY, all of the residents of Martinsville were on its streets, in anticipation of some joyful happening; the houses were decorated with flags and mottoes in which the word "Welcome" was used more than any other, although many referred to the "Conquering Hero" who was to be seen to come soon; across the main street, leading from the station, arches had been raised, and these also had been decorated with flags and illuminated inscriptions. It was a gala-day for Martinsville. Yet there had been no recent victory to celebrate, and the company recruited in Martinsville had returned some time before—at least, those remaining alive had returned; but even those had not been welcomed in any such way as this. The war had been over for some months.

Before the one hotel of Martinsville had been erected a platform, and on this were seated many ladies in bright-colored gowns, each of them holding a small American flag. At the front were some vacant seats. These had been reserved, evidently, for the committeemen, who could now be seen mingling in the crowd about the hotel, with satin badges on the lapels of their coats. Prominent among these was John Brewster, now fully restored to health and strength. It was to him that every one reported; it was he who directed everything. Plainly enough, it was he who had planned and was managing this celebration, and, as plainly, John Brewster was a man of weight and influence in Martinsville.

As the noon hour drew near, a parade was formed that, headed by a band of music, proceeded to the railroad-station. John Brewster remained, however, and took his place in the centre of the platform. Presently those waiting heard the bell of the engine and knew that the train had arrived, and soon the head of the procession was seen returning. It made its way without hinderance, escorting a carriage in which was seated a pale-faced man clad in the dingy uniform of an officer who had seen hard service. Beside him was a happy, smiling old woman, who held his hand contentedly. The procession halted before the platform; the carriage was drawn in front of it. The committeemen took their places near Brewster; the others gathered about and around and behind the carriage. John Brewster arose to speak.

"My friends," he began, "this is a day and an occasion for which I have been waiting impatiently and aiding you to prepare as best I could." Then he went on to tell in plain, straightforward words of the horrors of captivity as he had known it. With the force that was really the secret of his influence and standing in Martinsville, he moved his audience to expressions of pity as he spoke of the sufferings of the prisoners; he moved them to tears as he related pathetic incidents; he excited them to rapturous applause as he told of the heroic self-sacrifice of which some of the prisoners had been capable. He spoke freely of his own sufferings and condition of hopelessness, and told frankly the circumstances of his exchange. His audience was ready to respond with right good-will when at last he said: "There is no man among you who ought to have been so willing as I was willing to take part in a proper welcome home to one who there proved himself a hero, to one who has since proved his ability and his bravery on many hard-fought fields. No one could be more willing, no one is more willing, than I am to ask three cheers for Henry Hollister!"

Before the noisy answer had died away in its echo John Brewster's little daughter was down from her place on the platform. The crowd made way for her, and she climbed upon the steps of the carriage and hung upon Hollister's shoulders a wondrous wreath of roses.

Thus was ended the Martinsville feud.

The Hottest Place.

BY ONE WHO LIVED THERE.

YOU cannot speak of living when the temperature night and day is one hundred. It is but a mere existence. And such is life in the valley of Peshawar, at the northwest corner of India, in the months of July and August. The latitude of Peshawar is thirty-four north of the equator, but the valley forms a *cul de sac*, and as it is not subject to the rainfall of the monsoon, there is a continuous heat from the middle of June to the end of August. During the hottest weeks the thermometer stands at ninety-six, both night and day, in your "coolest" room. The heat of Peshawar is historic, for the national poet of the Afghans has said:

"Hades, hell fire, and Peshawar, all three are just the same."

It was in the month of July that Lieutenant Wilkins, of the Rifles, got a letter from an old chum at Rugby, who, as he lounged in one of the house-boats at Henley, wrote:

"Roses, roses everywhere,
Bare and burnished sky;
Lovely languors in the air—
That's July."

Wilkins was suffering from prickly heat, and was "under canvas" in a burning sun. Seizing his pen with irritation, he wrote:

"Heat and sickness everywhere,
Glare and blazing sky,
Typhoid flying in the air—
That's July."

"All men sweltering in the sun,
Long days dragging by,
All that's hateful merged in one—
That's July."

During heated periods in New York City I am often asked, "How does this compare with India?" As a matter of fact, there is no comparison between the two. Those who have resided in the tropics know full well that the thermometer does not indicate the sensations of heat. The dry heat of the Punjab generally, and at Peshawar in particular, is not as trying as the humidity of New York with the thermometer at ninety-two. But the sufferings which we endure during the heated periods chiefly arise from the way in which we live. No European would ever think of passing through a hot season in India clad as are the New-Yorkers in July and August. There can be no better evidence of that "custom" which, as Thomas Carlyle says, "doth make dotards of us all" than the way in which intelligent and civilized persons will walk along the sun-stricken streets of this city at noonday, with the thermometer standing at one hundred, clad in black-cloth suits and straw hats. If you saw a man at noonday in the streets of any Indian city wearing a straw hat you would consider him liable to arrest for meditating self-destruction. In America the heat always seems to take us by surprise, and we scarcely realize that it is really hot until the newspapers tell us so. In India we prepare for the hot weather, and so when it comes we stroll forth clad in white linen suits, with a white or red silk sash wrapped round the waist, the head protected with a good solar helmet, and round the helmet a silken turban to protect the head from the direct rays of the sun. It is impossible to calculate how much sickness is caused by the wearing of straw hats during the summer months.

Then it must be remembered that in our American cities the hours of business and of official duty are not regulated to suit the hot weather. In India during the hot months we rise at five o'clock, take a small breakfast of tea and toast, and then go forth to the business duties of the day. We return at ten o'clock for a bath and breakfast, and then take a mid-day siesta from twelve to two.

Nor are our houses constructed for a hot climate. In India every house has a veranda, and every window in the house opens with a casement. Here even the stables have windows with sashes, and upon a hot night you may see the poor horses

panting for a breath of air. "Cruel custom" may perhaps compel us to have sash-windows in our houses, but why should they be placed in stables?

In New York City the heat is much more oppressive than in India because we do not use punkahs. The punkah is a fan made of a wooden frame swung across the room, upon which there is a frill, and which is pulled to and fro by a rope running through the wall and worked by a native outside the house. The mechanical fans which are found in restaurants are but an apology for these Indian punkahs, but they will probably be used in private houses in the course of a few years.

Besides the punkah there are two other admirable inventions for cooling dwelling-houses in India. The "tatti" is a screen consisting of a frame filled in with *khaskhas* roots, which is set up at a door or window to the windward, and over which water is sprinkled so as to cool the air which passes through. This very simple invention is available for our American cities, and the wonder is that no one has attempted to introduce the Indian "tatti" into our houses. The other invention is of a similar kind, and is known as the thermantidote. It is a box-like structure, with small "tattis" placed on either side, and the air is pumped in by a wheel. It is an admirable invention, although not considered very healthy. As the proverb runs, "In the mouth of the thermantidote is coolness; but he who sleepeth in front of it sendeth a salutation to rheumatism, and a welcome to fever."

In India, in places where the climate is not malarious, we sleep in the open air—not infrequently on the roof of the house. It is difficult to say why this is not a more common custom in New York. We pant in the suffocating atmosphere of an ill-built flat, when the roof is available, or should be available, for sleeping purposes. An Anglo-Indian would think it impossible to exist in the rooms of many of our New York flats during a hot season such as we have just passed through. Judged from the standpoint of India, the wonder is that there have been so few prostrations from the heat, and that such feeble efforts are put forth to alleviate the sufferings of people during an excessively hot season. It is very evident that some changes must be made, both in our habits and dress and in our dwellings, if the New-Yorker is to drag out even a reasonable existence.

In India, as in America, the sufferings of heat-oppressed humanity are alleviated by drink. There are no soda-fountains in India. But bottles of soda-water and lemonade are kept in an ice-box, and the B. and S., or the "Peg," as it is called, is deemed the elixir of life. But it is a peg in many a man's coffin, as Sir Charles Napier used to say.

Those who have been complaining of the hot nights in New York recently have but a very faint conception of a really hot night in Peshawar. On account of the malarious character of the climate it is impossible to sleep in the open air, and the excessive heat demands the use of a punkah. Stretched on a large skin of Russian leather, and refreshed with a cooling draught of brandy and soda, and trusting to the wakeful watchfulness of the punkah coolie, you intrust yourself to Providence for the night. But as you enter upon your first sleep the punkah man grows weary and the punkah soon stops, the mosquitoes bite, the heat becomes excessive, and you awake conscious of all the horrors of a tropical August or July, and yearn and long for the cool and refreshing climate of the city of New York, when the thermometer stands only at ninety-four in the shade. There is really no comparison between the heat of India and the heat of New York, and if we would only give some little time to the consideration of our habits of living, our clothing, our dwellings, and our drinks, we might find that, after all, New York City is not the very worst place to live in when the mercury is rising up to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

THOMAS P. HUGHES.

Distributing Currency.

EVERY traveler from the East who pays an occasional visit to a Middle or Western State is astonished and disgusted with the wealth of silver which is poured into his pockets in exchange for paper money whenever he has occasion to make a purchase. He is more than likely to get nine silver dollars in change for a ten-dollar bill when he buys some trivial article; and usually the silver weighs more than his purchase.

The reason for the presence of so much silver in the West is the fact that the government uses every effort to get the silver coin into circulation, and in doing so goes so far as to pay the express charges on it from the mint at Philadelphia or the Treasury at Washington to the point where the money is wanted. On paper currency the consignee must pay the express charges, and this is an inducement to banks in far cities to order silver instead of paper money from the Treasury.

Whatever other charges they may bring against the Treasury successfully, the friends of silver cannot accuse it of a failure to use every effort to put silver coin in circulation. There are, in round numbers, four hundred and fifty million silver dollars in existence. About sixty million of these are in actual circulation. The remainder is represented by silver certificates in circulation, or in the Treasury reserve. It is impossible to get more than the sixty million silver dollars in circulation by any method yet suggested to the Secretary of the Treasury; and this average of less than one dollar to each inhabitant of the United States would be smaller but for the fact that the citizen of the West carries four or five silver coins where the citizen of the East carries none, or, on an average, a very small fraction of one. If the citizen of the West had the same option of taking paper money in change the circulation of silver dollars would be very much lessened.

The farther west you go the scarcer paper money becomes. Few men in Washington or New York would accept more than one silver dollar in change. In San Francisco the other extreme prevails, but not from choice. There paper money is such a rarity that the secret-service bureau of the Treasury from time to time has reports that sharpers have passed Confederate notes on the unsuspecting natives, who have accepted them under the impression that they were United States currency. One of these swindlers went into a bar-room and passed a Confederate note so easily that he returned the next day and passed another. The bar-tender so seldom saw or handled paper money that he displayed these notes behind the bar as a curiosity.

The contract for carrying government shipments of currency is held by the United States Express Company, of which Senator Platt is the head; but the contract was awarded before Mr. Platt had returned to public life, and the rate is much less than the government used to pay to the Adams company before the change was made from the one company to the other. On silver coin and bullion the rate charged within the contract territory is forty one-hundredths of a cent per mile, with a minimum of fifty cents per five hundred dollars or fractional part, and one dollar per one thousand dollars or fractional part above five hundred dollars. The rates for transporting treasury-notes or silver certificates are ten cents per five hundred dollars or twenty cents per one thousand dollars. The last-named rate is paid by the consignee. But the government pays express charges "on standard silver dollars sent from the mint, the Treasury, or sub-treasuries in the sums of two hundred dollars or its multiples; on fractional silver coin sent by the mint, Treasurer, or assistant-treasurers in the sums of two hundred dollars or its multiples." On silver sent to the Treasury for redemption, on the other hand, the sender must pay the charges. Thus the Treasury offers a premium to those drawing money if they will take silver, and imposes a tax on those who try to return it.

The Treasurer of the United States is kept pretty busy juggling the money supply of the country. Recently, he has had to go through the annual moving of fractional coin to facilitate the handling of the crops. This begins each year with the shipments of small bills and fractional coin to the South to take care of the fruit crop, and the money is shifted from one section to another as fast as the demands from local banks are sent in in anticipation of the time when cash in small sums will be needed to pay off the field hands. Another of the duties of the Treasurer is to encourage or discourage, according to conditions, the redemption of worn currency. For three years, between 1893 and 1896, there was a great accumulation of torn, dirty bills in the West, and much complaint was made against the Treasury because they were not redeemed. At that time the Treasury was short-handed and threatened with a surplus of work in the redemption division, and the Treasurer made an order that the senders of money for redemption must prepay charges on it. A year ago the Treasurer revoked this order, and now the Treasury pays the charges on worn bills and charges them up to the banks of issue.

G. G. B.

The Justices of the Supreme Court.

On a fine afternoon, when the Supreme Court of the United States is in session and the throng of visitors at the Capitol is large, it is one of the sights of the building to stop near the side door of the Supreme Court, to see the Honorable the Court as it passes from the court-room to the robing-room to be divested of the flowing silk gowns of office. The alert and obsequious attendants, who, by association with the august justices, have acquired a proper appreciation of the dignity of the court, stop the concourse of people for a few moments, and when the procession of justices appears it passes unobstructed, impressive, awe-inspiring, across the passage, around a bend in the robing-room, and the door is closed. A few moments later seven or eight hearty, cheerful, chatty gentlemen come out of the door through which the robed figures had disappeared, and stroll off in groups towards the exits from the building. They are the Honorable the Supreme Court minus the robes; and chief justice and associate justices are apt to convey the impression, by their vivacious conversation, that a life position on the bench of the highest court in the land is at least conducive to good fellowship.

This is a very different impression from that given by an inspection of the court in operation. Those visitors who venture into the Supreme Court chamber, with a warning from the attendant to be absolutely quiet, to refrain from reading newspapers in the presence of the Honorable Court, or to make notes against the peace and good order of the state, find the spectacle of the nine black figures oppressive; and the consequence is that few visitors remain long to listen to arguments they cannot hear or follow, and speedily leave to make room for the other visitors who may be standing in line to be permitted to enter in their turn. If they have business with any of the justices, and wish to address a communication to him, they will be advised to be very particular to have the address read "Mr. Justice Brown," or some other justice, in strict observance of that very simple and severe style which meets with the judicial approval, having been maintained from a very remote date in the history of the court. This may account for some "notions" that are entertained by the wise men who sanction or unmake some of the work of the co-ordinate branch of the government that sits in the same building.

The centre of the bench in the Supreme Court, when it is in session, is occupied by the chief justice, the smallest and the greatest of the body. He enters the court first, and, when the court adjourns, he leads the procession to the robing-room. Chief Justice Melville Weston Fuller has flowing hair and a luxurious mustache of snowy white; but he is not the senior in service on the bench. Severely judicial in his robes and as the presiding officer of the court, he is, officially, all dignity. Off the bench, whether it be in company with some of his associates who make a daily practice of walking home along Pennsylvania Avenue, or meeting with the society of the capital in its ceaseless whirl of receptions and teas, he is an entertaining and instructive talker, with that general and easy acquaintance with the front rank that his position and the opportunities provided by his wife and three popular daughters naturally afford him. Some of his former acquaintances insist that the Supreme Court has somewhat repressed the former humor of the judge; but it still asserts itself in a way that surprises those who attribute to the justices of the Supreme Court only wisdom and solemnity.

The Supreme Court, when full, consists of nine members. It was seldom, during the session just ended, that the number on the bench was so large. Associate Justice Field, who is nearing his eighty-first birthday, and who will, if he lives until August, have served longer than the thirty-four years and five months spent on the bench by Chief Justice Marshall, has felt the weight of years upon him, and it has been customary for him to appear only from time to time, and then only for a few mo-

ments. He has, during the last session, been pretty regularly in court at the beginning of the week, but he has spared himself the fatigue of long service by returning speedily to his home, which is immediately opposite to the Capitol and at the very edge of the grounds. Notwithstanding his age and the added infirmity of disease, he has borne the fatigue of a journey to the Pacific coast and back within the year, and his associates discover no reason why he should not live to see the coming of the twentieth century.

Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan, next to Justice Field the oldest member of the court, is a Kentucky giant. He is a good-natured giant, however, well known to everybody in Washington, plain and hearty in his manners, and inclined to be one of the people. He has ceased to attend national conventions with the expectation that Presidential lightning may strike him, which it may yet do. He is one of the walkers of the court, and it is not an uncommon sight to see Justices Harlan, Brewer, and Brown walking leisurely along Pennsylvania Avenue late on court days, discussing questions that provoke too much hilarity to justify the assumption that the talk is about law points.

Justice Horace Gray, the tallest of the Supreme Court justices, is also the most fastidious of all. Everybody at the Capitol knows about his habit of promptly leaving the bench the moment the minute arrives when he should take his luncheon, and the proprietor of the Senate restaurant would not dare to send to him a slice of toast that was appreciably thicker than a sheet of paper. He is a stickler for the observance of court manners, and the late George Ticknor Curtis once found this out. He had ventured to approach the bench while the court was in session, to make an inquiry about a case in which he was interested. Mr. Justice Gray was offended at the informality of the proceeding on a former occasion, and upon its repetition he astonished the historian of the Constitution by requesting the bailiff of the court to take the offender away and prevent him from again committing the offense. Mr. Gray is an occasional walker with other members of the court, but he is not so enthusiastic a pedestrian as Justices Brewer, Brown, Harlan, and Shiras.

Associate Justice David Josiah Brewer is one of the most interesting members of the court. The silken robes fit him less closely than they do any of his dignified brethren, although he does not lack dignity. As an after-dinner speaker he is bold, witty, and full of apt illustration. He was the life of the Venezuela commission, which closed its career when the British government consented to allow the Venezuela-Guiana boundary dispute to go to arbitration. He is a nephew of Justice Field, and was born in Smyrna, where his father was a missionary.

Associate Justice Henry Billings Brown is considered by lawyers to be one of the most accomplished members of his profession, and one of the strongest men on the bench. He and Justice Brewer were graduated from Yale in the same year—1856. His mind is keen and active, his industry is prodigious, and while he strikes the visitor to the court as a pattern of dignity, when off the bench he is one of the most attractive of men. As a speaker he is fascinating, the freedom of the platform affording him opportunity to reveal a sense of humor and a pungent wit that account for the reputation he has among the reverend judges of a "good fellow."

Associate Justice George Shiras is a tall, slender man, with a strongly-marked individuality that invests him with much of the solemnity that is supposed to attach to all Supreme Court justices. His brethren on the bench declare that he is not so grave as he looks on the bench and in his silken vestments. He came out of Yale College three years earlier than Brewer and Brown. Like Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan, he had not served on the bench of any court before he was made a Supreme Court justice by President Harrison.

There is not a bachelor justice on the bench. Associate Justice Edward Douglass White was a bachelor when he was appointed, in 1894, but has since married. During his membership of the Senate he made a reputation for his oratorical ability. As a "kid" member of the court he has sometimes been made the subject, by the older members, of some deep-laid plots to harmlessly embarrass him; but, as he is not quite destitute of humor, he has regarded these evidences of the friskiness of the more venerable justices as permissible hazing of a new-comer in the serene judicial body.

The "baby" member of the Supreme Court is Associate Justice Rufus W. Peckham; but he is fifty-nine, and is seven years older than Justice White, the youngest justice. Having been but two years a member of the court, he is still occupying an "amen" seat in the background, although there are rumors coming out of the consultation-room that justify the belief that he has achieved a position, and in consequence of his superior legal attainments, his fine and quick discernment of points of law, and his large fund of humor, he has qualified himself for full fellowship with the elder members of the family. No justice of the nine has command of a more varied and graphic vocabulary of expletive, an accomplishment that cannot be exhibited so long as Justice Gray continues to be a member of the court. Justice Peckham's resemblance to his father, the late Judge Rufus Peckham, increases with age, and the portraits of the associate justice recall the fact to all who knew the father.

E. G. DUNNELL.

Then and Now.

WHEN my old heart was young, my dear,
The earth and heaven were so near
That in my dreams I oft could hear
The steps of unseen races.

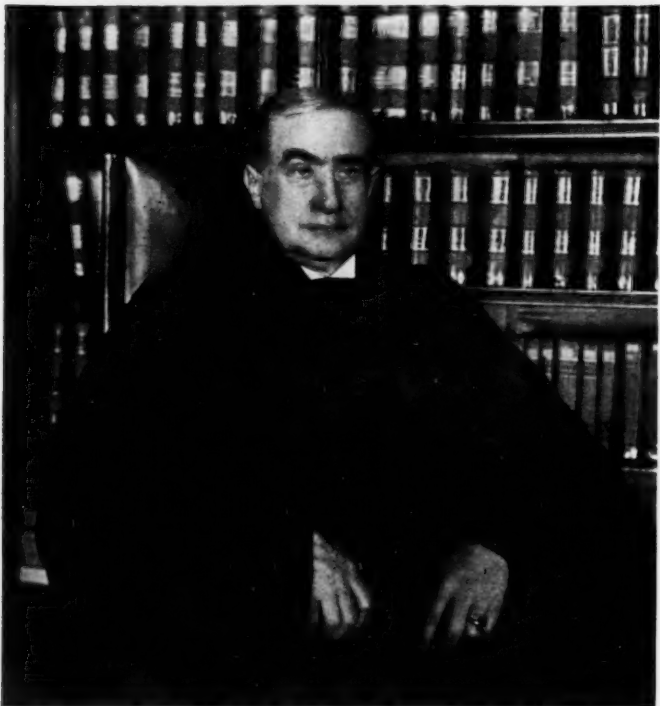
In woodlands, where bright waters ran,
On hills God's rainbows used to span,
I followed voices not of man,
And smiled in spirit faces.

Now my old heart is old, my sweet,
No longer earth and heaven meet;
All life is grown to one long street
Where fact with fancy clashes:
The voices now that speak to me
Speak prose instead of poetry;
And in the faces now I see
Is less of soul than ashes.

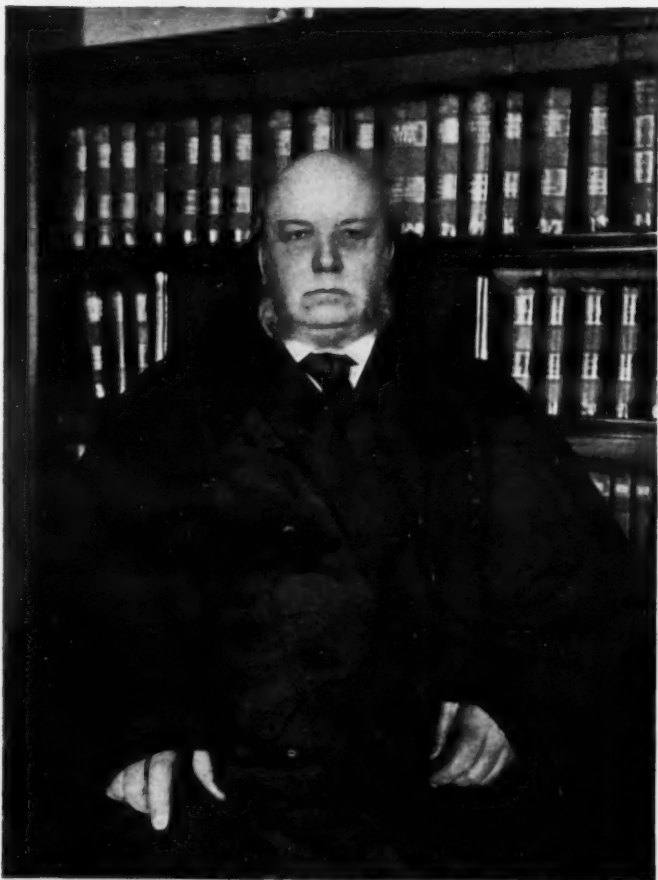
MADISON CAWEIN.



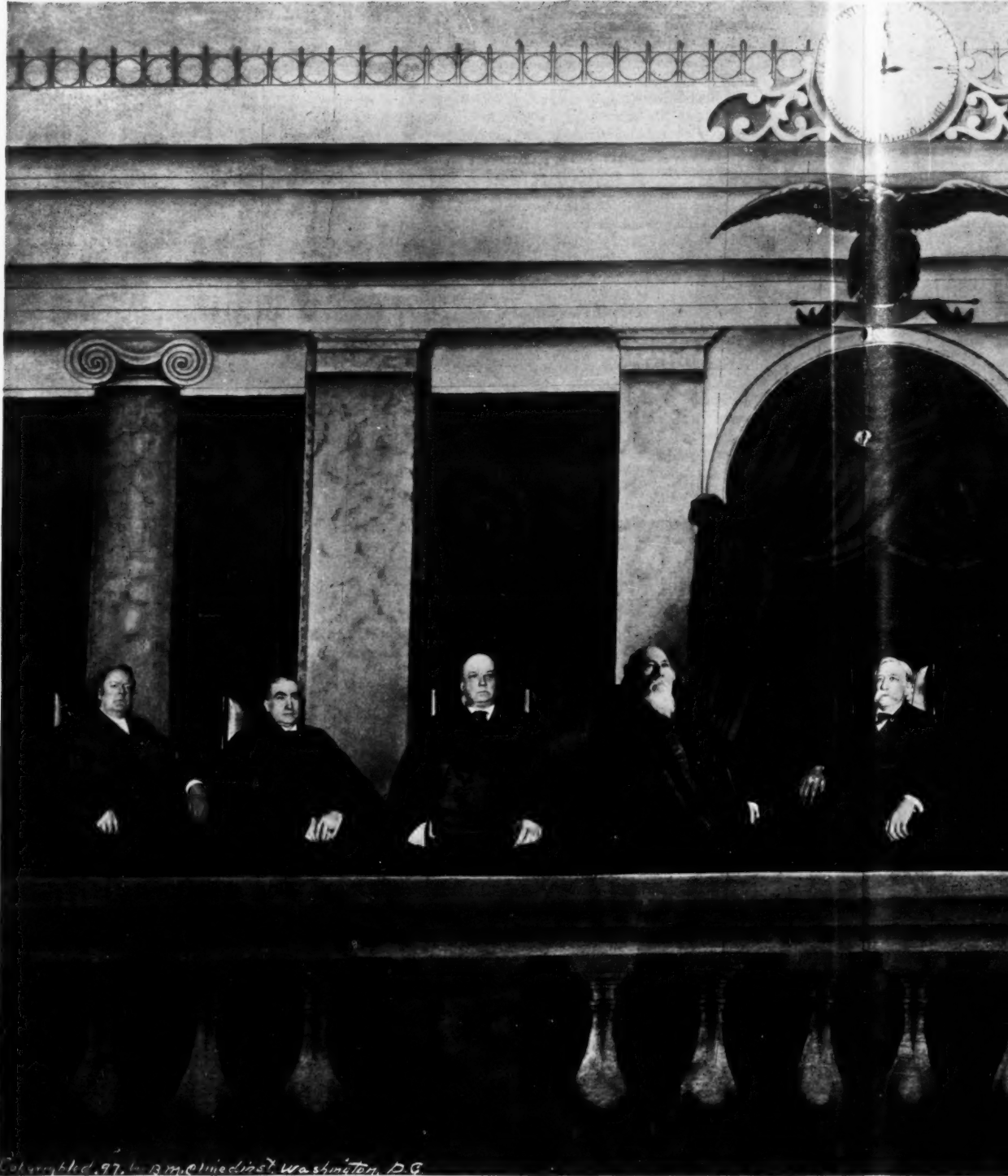
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE EDWARD D. WHITE.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HENRY B. BROWN.

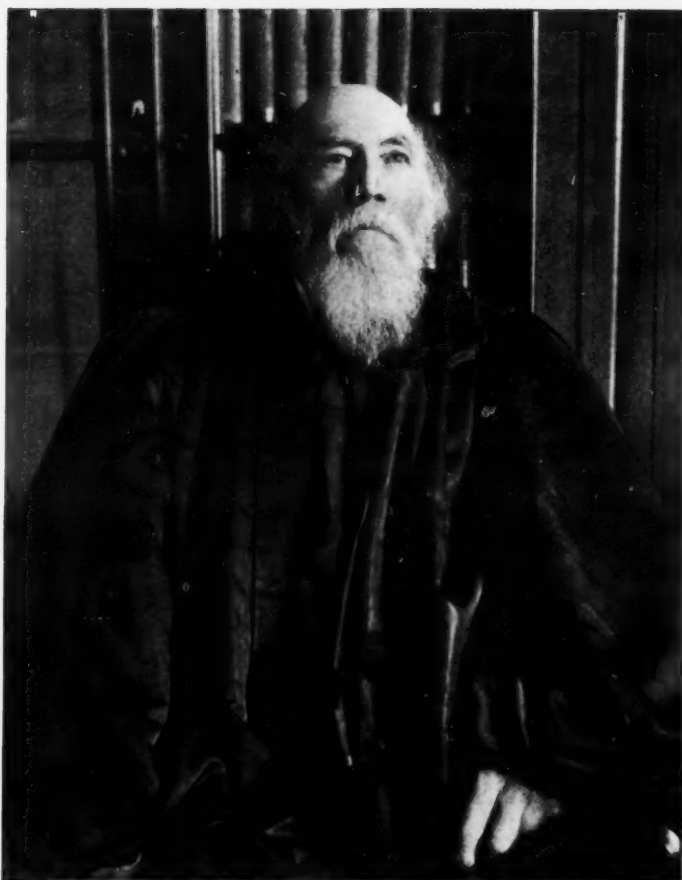


ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HORACE GRAY.

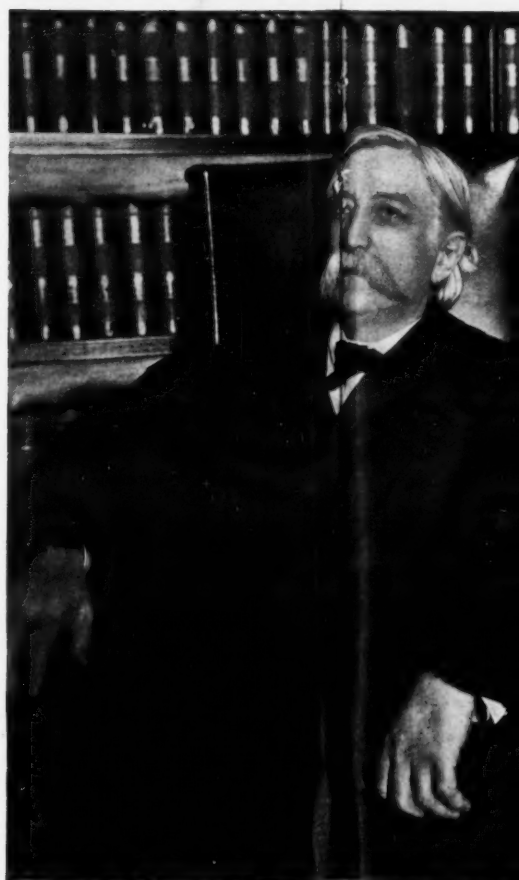


Collected 97. by B. M. Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE STEPHEN J. FIELD.



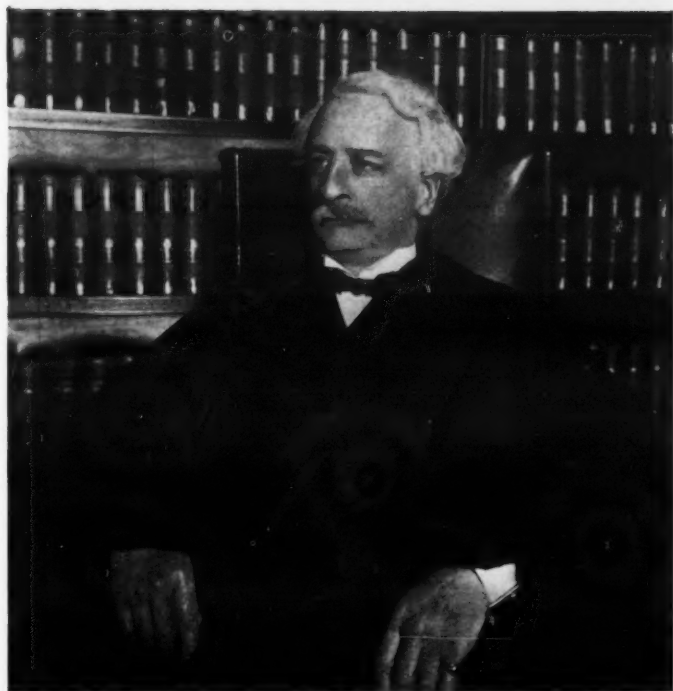
CHIEF JUSTICE MELVILLE W. FULLER.

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT IN SESSION, WITH IN

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THE UNITED STATES IN SESSION.



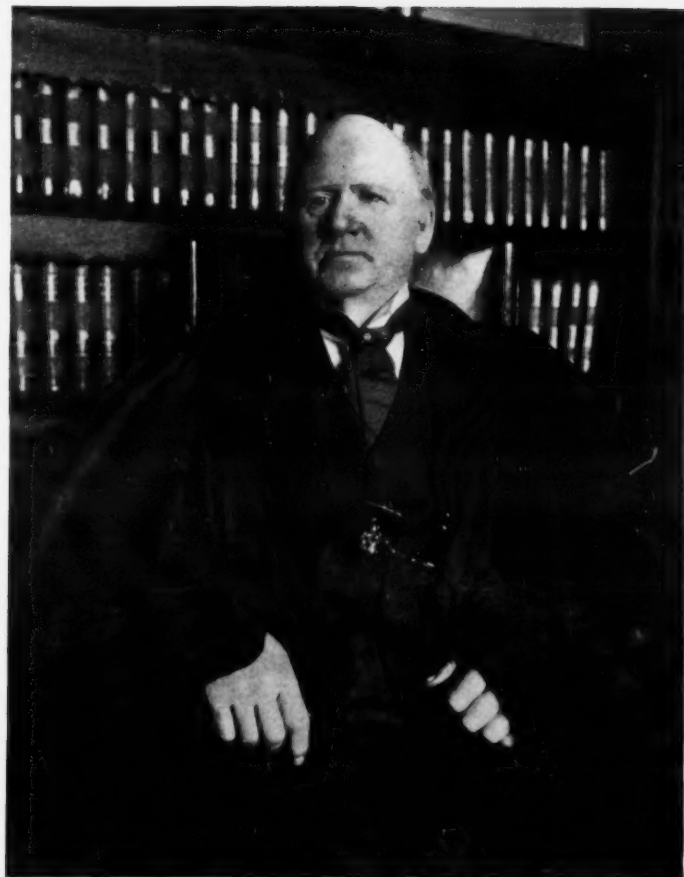
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE RUFUS W. PECKHAM.



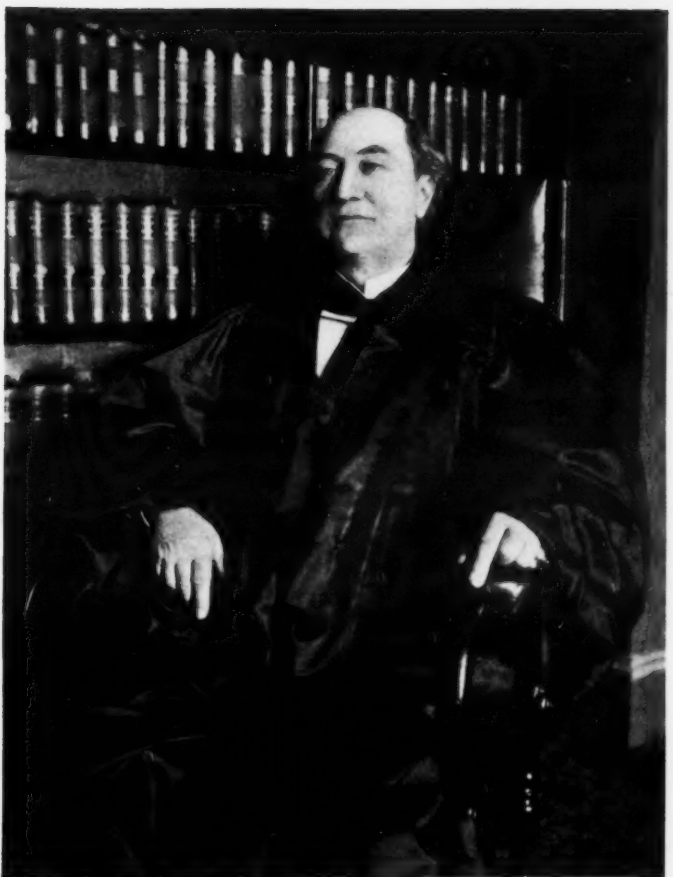
ASSOCIATE JUSTICE GEORGE SHIRAS.



MELVILLE W. FULLER.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE JOHN M. HARLAN.



ASSOCIATE JUSTICE DAVID J. BREWER.

ON, WITH INDIVIDUAL PORTRAITS OF THE MEMBERS.

OR 'ESLIE'S WEEKLY.—[SEE ARTICLE BY E. G. DUNNELL ON PAGE 55.]

THE COST OF A RACING-STABLE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.

Few people understand or realize the magnitude of the commercial interests centred in the thoroughbred race-horse, for every valued breed of horses owes its supremacy to the infusion of thoroughbred blood somewhere in its pedigree. Apart from this business question is the amount invested in thoroughbreds, and the amount annually expended in supporting thoroughbred racing, by such gentlemen as August Belmont, Pierre Lorillard, J. R. and F. P. Keene, Messrs. A. H. and J. H. Morris; Messrs.

vogue being an allowance of so much a month for the care of the horses, based upon the calculation of two dollars per day for each horse in the stable; in addition a handsome salary and a percentage of the winnings besides. Jockeys like Taral and Griffen get twelve thousand dollars per year as a retainer, and also ten dollars for each losing mount and twenty-five dollars for each winning one. Besides these items must be reckoned veterinary service, transportation from one track to the other, stable clothing and utensils, shoeing, clothing for the apprentices, and the feeding of the stable help. When the trainer receives a stipulated sum per month he pays for everything. With twenty horses in his charge, and the same number at the yearling-farm, this means an outlay to the owner of eighty dollars per day, or two thousand five hundred dollars per month. This does not include the nominations to stakes, declarations, and forfeits, which, with all the crack stables turned into hospitals, means a serious loss to the owner.

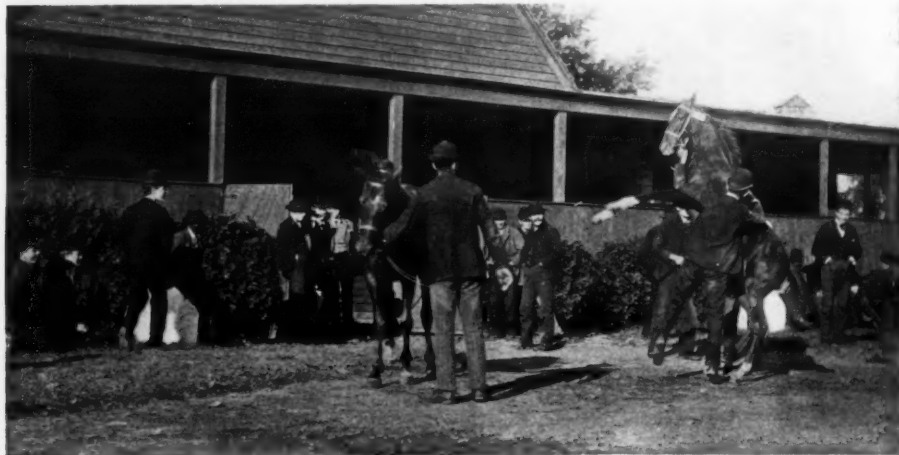
In a stable of twenty horses the forfeit list can easily amount to fifty thousand and even one hundred thousand dollars a year. The horses get sick, go amiss, get injured in their work, and then must be declared from their stake engagements. These declarations and forfeits have to be paid or the horses are disbarred from starting.

Taking twenty horses as the basis, each racing-stable employs ten men and ten boys. The former are the grooms and do the heavy work about the stable, while the boys walk and gallop the horses at exercise, and do the lighter chores about the place. The boys range in age from twelve to twenty-one years old, and weigh all the way from sixty to one hundred and thirty pounds. In all cases they are apprenticed for three years under the State laws. For the first year they receive two dollars a month pocket-money, are fed and clothed besides, and well clothed at that; the second year ten dollars a month and the cost of their clothes deducted, and the third year fifteen a month under the same conditions as to their clothing as the second year. The men, and boys out of their apprenticeship, are paid, according to their individual merits, from ten to thirty dollars a month. A first-class exercise boy, who can ride under one hundred and fifteen pounds, will have no difficulty in getting thirty dollars a month, and as he is sure to be intrusted with the care of the cracks of the stable during the season he will easily earn as much more. During his apprenticeship the owner always holds the boy's money in trust for him, and it is handed back to him, with interest, when his indentures are canceled, or paid to his parents, as the case may be.

It is perfectly safe to say that the owner who maintains a completely appointed stock-farm, another where the yearlings are handled from June until October, and which becomes the winter quarters as soon as the racing season is closed, and a stable of horses in training besides, must win each season seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars before he has made a profit. Of course he has his fun and the enjoyment of seeing his home-bred horses beat those of other breeders, but most men like a substantial profit as well, as some compensation for the risk they have assumed. If no crack jockey is retained, but chances are taken on securing the services of the free-lance jockeys, of course a material saving is effected; most owners take these chances because of the uncertainty of the true racing form of their two-year-olds, for nothing is so galling as to see your jockey getting his ten or twelve thousand dollars a year, standing on the ground, with no horses you can give him a mount on.

What the gentlemen herein referred to desire above all things is to win with horses of their own breeding, and to maintain the dignity and high reputation of the sport of thoroughbred racing. The decision by the courts of this State has settled once and for all that racing is a legitimate sport, and thus gentlemen and ladies can enjoy the sport of kings and not feel themselves outlaws.

HARRY P. MAWSON.



BROOD-MARE AND FILLY AT THE STOCK-FARM.

McDonough and Hobart, of California; Messrs. Thompson, of the famous Brookdale Farm, at Red Bank, New Jersey; Mr. A. J. Cassatt, Mr. Marcus Daly, of Montana, and a few others, who all breed, raise, and race their own race-horses.

Brookdale, of the Messrs. Thompson, Mr. Lorillard's Rancocas, Mr. Daly's Bitter Root, Messrs. Keene's Castleton, Mr. Bel-



WALKING EXERCISE WHILE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

mont's Nursery stud, Messrs. Morris's ranch in Gillespie County, Texas, and the others, each contain on an average about one hundred brood-mares and from six to ten stallions. The percentage of foals to brood-mares is about three-fourths, so that at one time at any one of these farms it is no uncommon thing to find two hundred thoroughbreds. Of course this is nothing compared to the great stock farms where thoroughbreds are raised for sale. On the stock-farms in the East, where "help" and "feed" are dearer, it costs about one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year to raise each thoroughbred yearling, but this only represents his feed and handling. On a stock-farm of, say, one thousand acres, and with brood mares, yearlings, stallions, and farm cattle, it keeps very busy all the year round about fifty men and boys, about equally divided between the farm proper and the horses. It costs to run the stock-farm on a first-class scale easily forty thousand dollars a year. Now, of the colts and fillies raised on these farms, not more than half turn out sound and well enough to reach the yearling-farm, where they are broken and the first rudiments of their racing career taught them. A further weeding out takes place there, until the number is reduced to about twenty, this being the number of two-year-olds which is most easily handled; more than this number is too many for any one trainer to look after. The others are sold for what they will bring, so that for forty thousand dollars expended there are twenty two-year-olds to show for it—i. e., two thousand dollars apiece. In most cases, when the real business of racing commences, six would be a fair average which can run fast enough to pay their way.

Each owner charges up his yearlings to the credit of his stock-farm at a certain valuation, and to the debit of his racing establishment. The fillies, when their racing career is ended, if the blood-lines are desirable, are charged back again to the stock-farm, and become part of the investment.

The two most important agents to the success of a racing-stable are the trainer and the jockey. Both need to be first-class, and to obtain their services costs money. There are various systems under which trainers are engaged, the one most in



MAKING THE TOILET BEFORE THE RACE.

Victoria Victrix.

WHAT has America heard of the jubilee? All things roseate and impossible, I doubt not. The cable has glowed with the gorgeousness of it; the decorations, the illuminations, the troops, the bands, the royalties—all these have been touched into splendor by the fervor of a thousand correspondents, until the people are convinced that all the pageants of history have been outdone by this triumphal progress of Victoria through her capital. The jubilee!—it grew larger and larger as I approached it; unconsciously I was allured by the coming magnificence, until seats, which I had refused at any price only a few days before, seemed more desirable than guineas. And as the splendor grew in our imaginations, so, also, did the danger. We should be taking our lives in our hands, they told us—as who would not?—to see the spectacle. Of all the crowds known to history, this would be the most enormous and intolerable. We must arise at daybreak and dress as for a battle, discarding all valuables and wraps and parcels, that both hands might be free for the fray. We must walk or take the Underground, since cabs and omnibuses would be unattainable. We must be in our places before seven o'clock if we hoped to be there at all. We must be prepared to wait, to starve, to die, if need be, for great would be our reward. If, by a miracle, we should escape uninjured we should have witnessed the climax of nineteenth-century magnificence, a pageant which would mark an epoch in history, like the triumph of Titus or the meeting of kings on the field of the cloth-of-gold. Having seen it, we should not have lived in vain; we should have a subject worthy of our eloquence, and future generations would sit at our knees to hear the tale.

Manifestly the great event was worthy of any risk, of any sacrifice. So, after careful calculation of entrance and exit, we secured seats on a roof in the Strand, with a vista up and down to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields at one end, and St. Mary's at the other. Unhappily we slept beyond daybreak, and it was after seven when, with hearts almost hopeless of the goal, we sallied forth to strive for it. The Underground station was just around the corner. What! no one going in? no line waiting at the booking-office? Why, then, had we taken such trouble to secure our tickets in advance? A few others waited with us for the train and boarded it quietly when it puffed into our presence. Seats? There were places to give away. I spread out my skirts and felt princely. And, though spaces were filled before we completed the circuit, I have not struggled with cable-car crowds most of my life to be crushed by the utmost that London can do.

And the crowds on the Strand—the suffocating, impenetrable crowds which we had not dared encounter, to avoid which we had secured seats accessible from a rear entrance—where were these crowds? It was half-past eight, and still the holiday pedestrians were innocently idling along, and the sidewalks were lined by only a row or two of patient sight-seers. From our perch on the roof we looked up and down the Strand. Balconies were improvised everywhere; they were filling with faces. Colors, banners, mottoes, garlands, crowns—these half obliterated the hard and grimy buildings; manifestly the people had done their best to salute their Queen with gayety and beauty. And yet, neither in any single case nor in the general result was there beauty of plan or harmony of effect. Good materials were lavishly used to accomplish nothing but tawdriness. Flags floated from the wrong places, colors were incongruously mixed; the very letters V. R. I. were robbed of all lines of grace. And the depression which comes from gayety striven for but not attained was increased by inanely sentimental mottoes which stared one implacably in the face—mottoes which would make the dullest queen suspicious of her virtues, tired of her people, and weary of life after she had read six miles of them.

Ah, well!—this world-conquering Anglo-Saxon race has not the instinct of beauty; that is evident. But it is a great race, notwithstanding; we must turn from the streets with a sigh and wait for the procession—the procession which is to epitomize its greatness, prove its place among the nations. And promptness is one of its virtues—we do not have to wait long. Here come the colonies—this is impressive—militia from England's tributaries all over the world, marching down the line in advance to wait for the Queen at St. Paul's. These men have learned something in the tropics; the colors of their uniforms have quality, delicacy of tone. But they are soon gone—there are too few of them. At last the procession itself begins in the distance and comes clattering past us—bands, troopers, and guns; bands, troopers, and guns—that is the order, with slight variations of color in horses and uniforms. It is a strong, manly lot of soldiers, well mounted, well disciplined; but, for a pageant, which of our cities has not often seen a finer show? Compare it with the inaugural procession which our democratic people gives to any new President, with the Grant procession in New York, with the Dedication-day procession in Chicago—is this the utmost which mighty England can do to astonish the observant world?

But the royalties—we have no royalties to give Mediaeval magnificence to our pageants. At last I shall see princes and princesses, a reigning queen herself, and shall be no more envious of the fairy-books. Here are special envoys and emissaries preceding them—all nations huddled up together—the papal envoy with his heathen excellency from China, our own ambassador with a grandee from Spain. Why have they not more room—these spokesmen of great states? Why do not these Orientals ride with their suites, to give color and beauty to the show—a brilliant picture from each corner of the earth? They are gone before we can discover what they are. And the lords and ladies in waiting who follow, the chamberlains and mistresses of the robes—all these bearers of Mediaeval titles—what every-day people they are!

And now the crowning anachronism—the royalties. A few carriages full of ladies in gay attire, ladies in Paris gowns and hats and gloves, without a coronet among them to convince us of their prerogative! Princesses in bonnets—who can be prosaic enough to endure that? The princesses I have known from childhood have worn purple and ermine and cloth-of-gold, and each one has had not less than a star at her forehead. And now the four horse chariots have rolled by, and eight cream-white steeds approach—this is the carriage of the Queen. Now we shall see anointed royalty itself, the symbol which men have

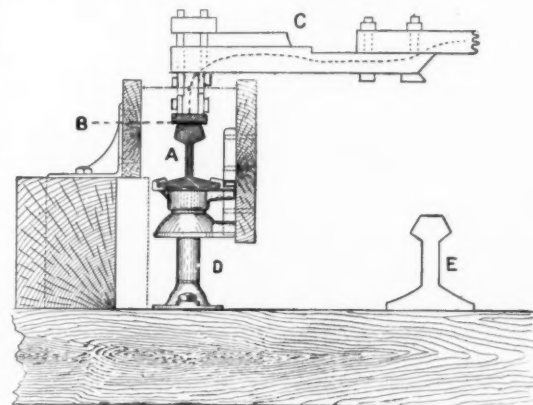
fought and died for on a thousand battle-fields from the beginning of history; a symbol personified this time by a woman, and therefore all the more magical. She, at least, will be robed and crowned; she will aid our imaginations with all the trappings of majesty. The carriage draws near—is this all, this white parasol with the amplitude of black skirts beneath it? Is this Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Empress of India, Defender of the Faith? Out upon royalty, then! Give me fairy-book queens—they have a finer sense of fitness.

It is gone, then, this procession which closes an epoch, which typifies the greatness of England. The greatness of England—my soul revolts against this expression of it, against summing it all up in royalty and war. It is not crowns and battles which have made the nation's history for sixty years. I close my eyes and see another procession pass—the souls of men and women, living and dead, who have given to England her Victorian conquests; the statesmen, reformers, pioneers, the scientists, scholars, poets—all the noble and wise and great whose service no sign shows forth to-day, no word commemorates. And in the presence of this invisible procession my democratic soul revolts against the social despotism under which the spirit of England struggles, and the time seems near when this pomp of the feudal past will be swept away forever from the hearts and imaginations of Englishmen, when the race will achieve social democracy as already it is attaining democracy in politics.

HARRIET MONROE.

The Third Rail.

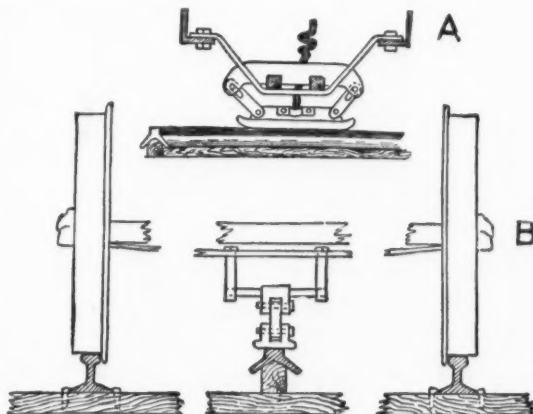
THAT third-rail electric traction is destined eventually to supplant the steam locomotive on nearly all suburban and other local surface railroads of heavy passenger traffic and many stops, seems now to be generally conceded. Some there be who yet pooh-pooh the notion, but they have been rapidly decreasing in number ever since the favorable reports of the new traction on the New York, New Haven and Hartford line have been made public. The managers of most of the lines running local trains into New York, including the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, the Central of New Jersey, the Erie, and the Long



a—Third rail. b—Shoe. c—Arm carrying shoe. d—Third rail insulator. e—Service rail.

CHICAGO THIRD RAIL AND SHOE (CROSS SECTION).

Island systems, the Illinois Central system, centring in Chicago, and many other lines in various parts of the country, are now making careful and serious inquiries as to the advisability of the change. Were it not for the enormous financial loss incident to the abandonment of steam locomotives there is no doubt that this change would come even more rapidly than horses were superseded by the overhead trolley on the street-railroad lines. Even as it is, in the judgment of those best qualified to speak, the transition will be wonderfully rapid and complete. Indeed, had not a system better adapted to the needs of the old lines than the overhead trolley been devised, there is great probability that it would have been taken up by many of them, the same as it was by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad on the Nantasket division two or three years ago.



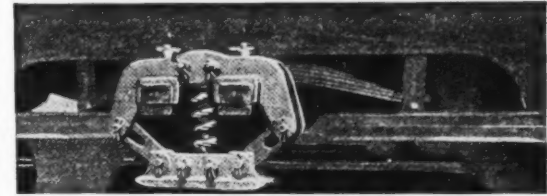
a—Side view. b—Cross section.

THIRD RAIL AND SHOE, NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN AND HARTFORD RAILROAD.

The third-rail system of electric traction—in which an extra rail, laid practically on the same level as the service rails, is substituted for the overhead trolley-wire—was first used in 1893 on the intramural road that attracted so much attention at the Chicago world's fair. It was so satisfactory, both as to efficiency and economy, as to lead to the installation of similar systems on the "Overhead" line of Liverpool, England, and the Metropolitan Elevated of Chicago. About a year later the Lake Street Elevated line of Chicago was fitted with the third rail, and now the preliminary steps for abandoning steam locomotives for the new traction are being taken by the managers of the Chicago "Alley L." Last year the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad introduced third-rail traction on a section of the Nan-

tasket division, which had before been changed from a steam to an overhead-trolley line. There the new system was so satisfactory that it has recently been laid down on two short branches—from Hartford to New Britain and from New Britain to Berlin—in Connecticut. The success of these installations is a matter of general knowledge among railroad men, and of favorable comment by the technical journals.

On the Chicago "L" roads the third rail is laid by the side of the track, and is in form like the ordinary "T" rail. On the Liverpool road the third rail is a flat strip of steel, laid midway between the track, or service rails. On the New York, New



SIDE VIEW OF CHICAGO SHOE.

Haven and Hartford road the rail, somewhat roof-shaped in cross-section, so as to shed water, is also laid midway between the service rails. The current, in all three systems is carried to the motor from the supply rail by means of an iron shoe.

The reasons for abandoning the locomotive in favor of electric traction on short lines of heavy traffic are of the utmost cogency. It must not be supposed that the days of the magnificent modern steam locomotive's usefulness are passed, by any means, for no method of electric traction yet devised could be worked with equal economy or efficiency over long and fast runs with few stops. But electric traction is especially fitted for the operation of frequent trains over short runs with many stops. In steam traction each train carries its own power-house in locomotive form, including a heavy dead weight of coal and water; in electric traction the train carries only the motor, equivalent to the cylinders, piston-rods, and connecting-rods of a locomotive, the power for many trains being furnished by enormous steam-engines and boilers located in a stationary power-house and operated under the most favorable conditions from the standpoint of economy. This insures a very material saving if the trains are of sufficient frequency; besides, owing to the greater promptness with which a relatively high rate of speed may be reached, a much higher speed average may be maintained by electricity than steam on a road dotted with frequent stations. According to the managers of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, an average of seventeen miles an hour, inclusive of stops, is easily maintained on a ten-mile line with thirteen stations. From a "dead rest" a two-car train, weighing fifty-six tons, attains a rate of seven and three-tenths miles an hour in one second after starting; in thirty seconds it moves at the rate of eighteen and four-tenths miles an hour, and in fifty seconds an hourly rate of twenty-two and five-tenths miles is reached. All this renders it possible for the road to run thirty-six such trains over the Hartford-Berlin line daily (every half-hour for eighteen hours of the twenty-four), and at about the same aggregate expense as formerly was required to operate eight trains daily each way, or more than four to one. Of course this means many more fares than before and greater profit.

But the trolley lines still possess certain advantages. Their cars run everywhere throughout the cities, and many passengers consider it a great convenience to be taken up at the doors of their homes, or very near them, and set down in front of their places of business. The trolley lines, however, run through the streets and on the highways, and must be subject to much greater delays than trains stopping only at set stations, and so the average rate of the trolley-car must fall far below that of the third-rail train; and this, when the distance is over four or five miles, must remain a material advantage for the third-rail line. Under the new conditions the old roads will have at least a fighting chance to regain the suburban business which they have been losing so rapidly of late. DEXTER MARSHALL.

Kola Cures Asthma and Hay-Fever.

WE are glad to state that the new African Kola Plant has proved a sure cure for Asthma and Hay-fever. Many of our readers, including Mr. A. C. Lewis, editor of the *Farmer's Magazine*, Rev. G. E. Stump, Congregational minister at Greeley, Iowa, and others, testify that the Kola Plant cured them after ten to twenty years' suffering. It is really a marvelous discovery, and a blessing to humanity. If you are a sufferer you should send to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who, to prove its value, will send you a large case by mail entirely free.

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Makes the food more appetizing and digestible.

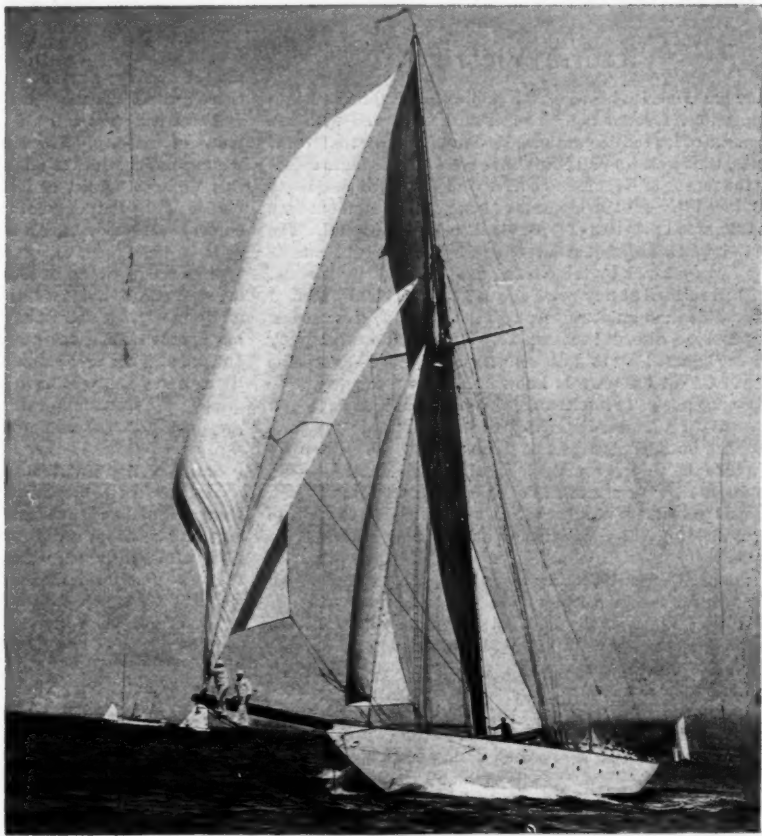


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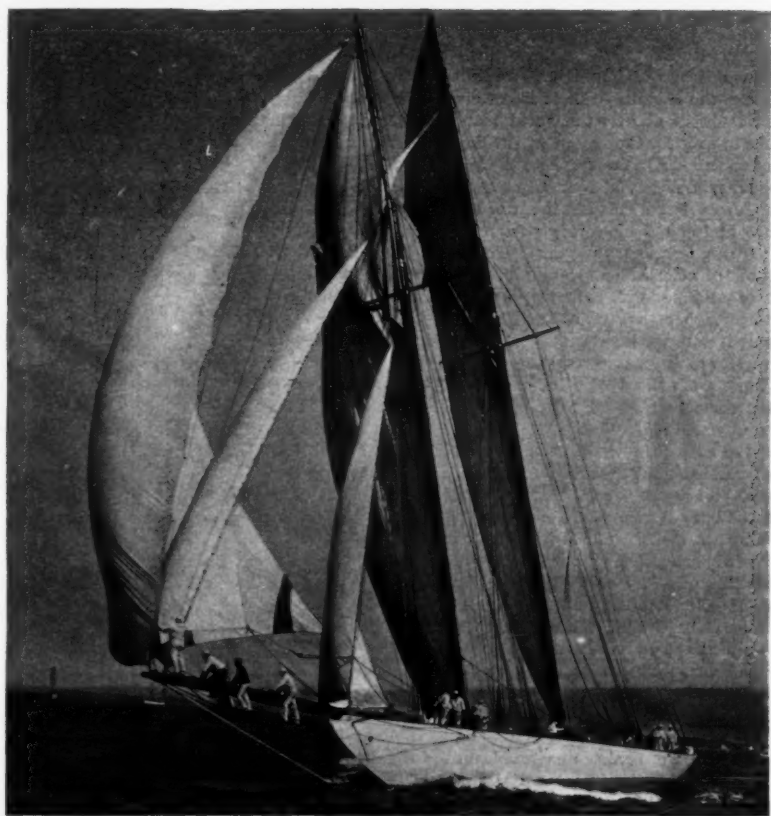
THE "NAVAHOE."



AT LARCHMONT LANDING—AFTER THE REGATTA.



THE "COLONIA" WINNING FROM THE "EMERALD."



THE "EMERALD" PREPARING TO LOWER JIB SAILS.

THE LARCHMONT REGATTA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON.

The Larchmont Yacht Club for the eighteenth time celebrated Independence Day this year with a great regatta. The chief race of the day was between the big schooners. This was won by Commodore Postley's *Colonia*, which beat the *Emerald* two and a half minutes. A very sportsmanlike contest was that between the *Vigilant* and the *Navahoe*, boat against boat without time allowances. The *Vigilant* won by four minutes. This was the first meeting between these famous yachts.

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CONTENTS OF WONDERLAND '97

THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

A chapter recounting briefly the historic incidents of the region from 1803, its geographic, politico-economic, and other valuable features. A chapter of special value to public-school teachers and pupils.

LAKE PARK REGION.

A short chapter descriptive of the beautiful lake region of Minnesota.

RED RIVER VALLEY.

A brief description of this well-known farming section.

A GREAT CATTLE RANGE.

This chapter tells of one of the finest cattle ranges of the Northwest.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

A new and detailed description of the Wonderland of the World.

"GO MAKE MONEY."

A pithy, varied study of the mining regions of Montana, Idaho, and the now renowned Kootenai country. Special visits were made to these regions to obtain data for this article.

MOUNTAINS FOUR.

A chapter devoted to four of the mighty snow-covered peaks of the North Pacific Coast.

THE HEART OF THE OLYMPICS.

A new and wild region, LAKE CRESCENT, in the Olympic Range, N. W. Wash., is brought to the Tourist's attention. The trout found there are something unusual.

ALASKA.

A brief article on this Wonder of Wonders.

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10c., 25c., 50c.

Pure Blood and Perfect Health.

OBSERVATION SLEEPING-CARS ON BALTIMORE AND OHIO.

COMMENCING Sunday, June 13th, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will place in service, between Baltimore and Chicago, Pullman Observation Sleeping-cars. The cars have a saloon parlor in the rear, furnished with easy arm-chairs, upholstered revolving chairs, and sofas. This will enable passengers to view with better advantage the scenic wonders that have made the Baltimore and Ohio famous.

PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOURS VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THAT the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally-conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the lowest rates are obtained for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passenger.

The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, Au Sable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George, Saratoga, and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson), July 27th and August 17th. Rate, one hundred dollars for the round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks' trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining car, allowing eight days in "Wonderland," September 2d. Rate, two hundred and thirty-five dollars from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; two hundred and thirty dollars from Pittsburgh.

Two ten-day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond, and Washington, September 28th and October 12th. Rate, sixty-five dollars from New York, sixty-three dollars from Philadelphia. Apply 1196 Broadway, New York.

BEFORE meals and at bed-time—so you won't forget—Abbott's Angostura Bitters. How could you forget so staunch a friend? Get the original.

SOHMER & Co., the great piano firm, can point with pride to the magnificent indorsement their instruments have received at the hands of the best native and foreign musical artists.

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Advice to Mothers: MRS. WINNIE'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Set of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO SUMMER BOOK.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs, and baths located on and adjacent to its lines; also the various watering-places on the Atlantic coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive and clear manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour.

Copies can be had by applying to various Baltimore and Ohio agents, or by sending ten cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Maryland.

BARKER BRAND COLLARS ARE THE BEST.

Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

LONDON (ENGLAND). THE LANCHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

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JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building, No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor, New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militia-men, policemen and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing duty as such; Grand, Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill and United States jurors are not exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY,
Commissioner of Jurors.

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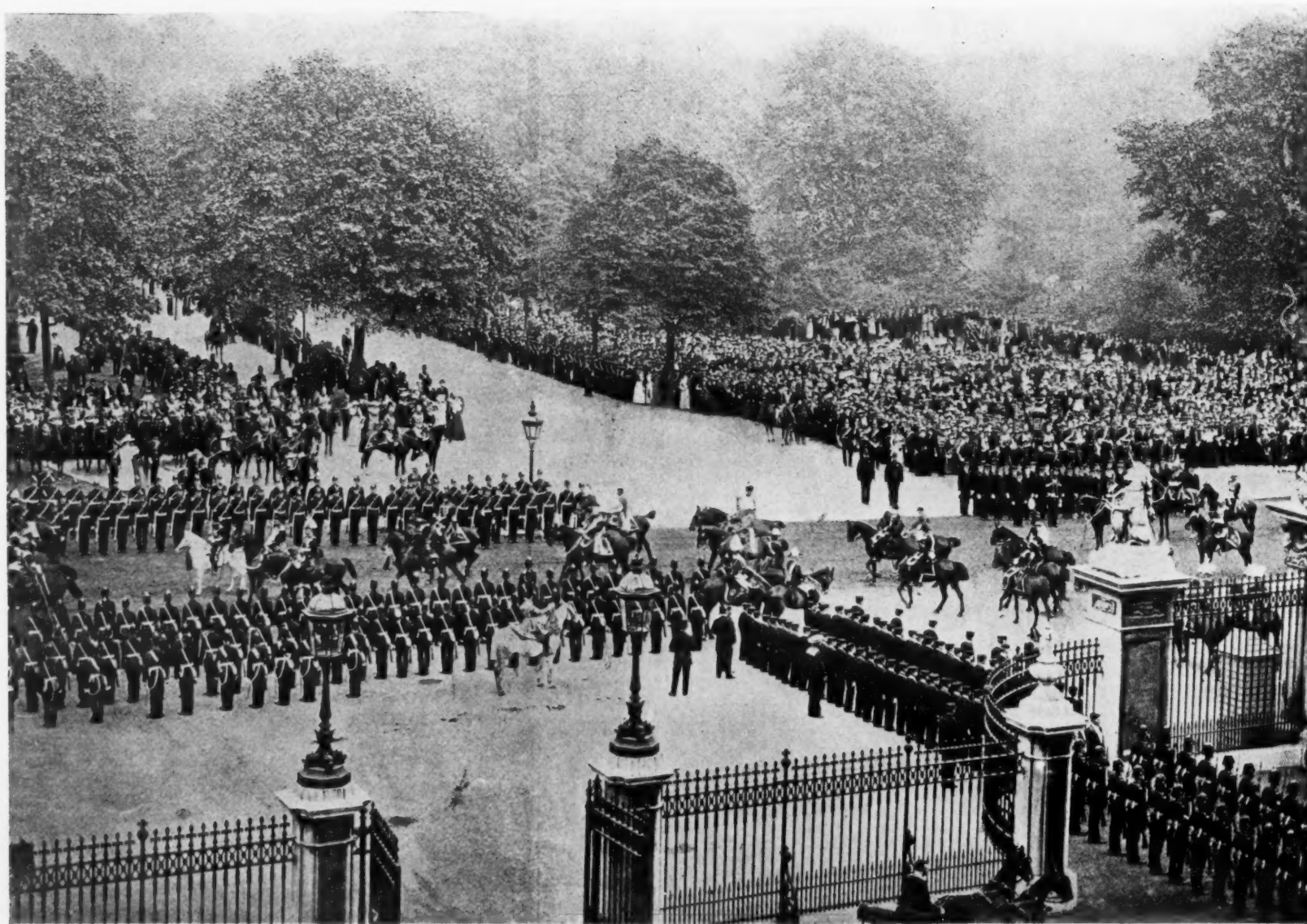
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Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind Ulcerated and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Sold by druggists; sent by mail, 50c, and \$1.00 per box. WILLIAMS' MED. CO., Cleveland, O.

The Effects of Heat on Great Buildings.

THE problems confronting architects have increased greatly in recent years because of the upward tendency of big business buildings. Beauty of form and convenience of arrangement are now of less importance than great strength to resist the strains which every tall structure must meet. Every time a cyclone has occurred in the West there has been speculation as to what would occur if a big wind-storm visited the business district of New York. Architects and engineers have anticipated this possibility. They have considered also the effect of the sun's heat on great buildings, because observations have shown that on a hot day these tall structures move away from the sun as though shrinking from its heat; while on a cold day the marble is rent by the freezing of the winter rain in fissures made by the expansion of the marble in midsummer.

These effects are not so noticeable in New York as they are in some other cities, because New York streets are narrow, and the tall buildings are so close together that they protect each other from the sun.

In Washington, scientific observations have been made which prove conclusively the effect of heat and cold on marble. The Washington Monument stands on a slight eminence in the middle of a plain. It is wholly unprotected from the elements. When the monument was being erected the investigation of its vibration was begun, a cord and plummet being suspended from the top of the structure, with a needle to make the record of any movement. One day it was reported that the monument was about to fall. The needle had made a number of eccentric variations and was still moving about when the observation was taken. Investigation showed that an owl had got into the shaft and, flapping about, had caused the vibration of the cord.

The needle under normal conditions, however, showed a movement of the shaft, and observations made since its completion confirm this record. There is a cord hanging from the top of the monument, protected by a metal tube. At the end of this cord is fastened a pendulum which hangs in a bowl of mercury. The pendulum moves with the movement of the column, but it cannot oscillate. The record of the pendulum is taken every day. It shows that the top of the marble column, five hundred and fifty-five feet high, moves four inches to the north on a very hot, clear day. At night the monument returns to the perpendicular.

The extraordinary power of the sun's heat is well illustrated by its effect on the monument. The marble column weighs 81,720 tons.

Scientists say that the monument is not injured in the least by its "little journey in the world," but this is due to the fact that it is built of many pieces of marble. The obelisk in Central Park, which is a single block of stone, deviates more than the Washington Monument. The Bunker Hill Monument, which is only half as tall as the Washington Monument, moves about two inches from the perpendicular.

Iron buildings are affected no less than those of marble. The dome of the Capitol at Washington moves from the south and west, away from the summer sun.

A Surprising Accident.

AN almost incredible accident happened recently in Cleveland. A fifteen-hundred-pound horse slipped through a coal-hole not over three feet in diameter and fell sixteen feet into the furnace-room of the Williams Publishing Company. The hole is located in the area-way between the World office and the Williams block, on Ontario Street. The wagon, to which two horses were hitched, was a heavy coal-wagon, and at the time the accident happened the driver was backing out of the area-way, having unloaded his coal. Either the coal-hole lid was slightly off of place, or else the horse's hoof struck it in such a way as to loosen it, for it tilted. The horse then reared and knocked the cover entirely off. A foot dropped into the hole, another followed, and in a twinkling the astonished driver saw his horse disappear tail first. The animal narrowly missed the furnace, and the surprised engineer turned to see a horse struggling on his back on the coal, trembling with fear and pawing the air, but absolutely unhurt. Not a scratch could be found on the animal. How he could get through the hole and not be so badly injured as to be useless is unexplainable.

Conjectures as to how he got through the hole gave place to the attempt to solve the problem of getting him out. A flight of steps led to the engine-room proper. The horse had stripped himself of all harness during his queer trip, but was fast weakening in the intense heat. After several unsuccessful attempts the horse was blindfolded and coaxed and driven into the engine-room. The freight-elevator was not strong enough to lift the horse, so it was drawn to the top of the building. The horse was then put in the elevator shaft, and with a block and tackle drawn up. The workmen accomplished the task after three hours' work. A canvas belt was placed around the horse, and with a windlass on a wagon in the street the lifting was done.

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Judge's Prize Puzzles.

The fourth and last set of the present series of picture puzzles will be found in this week's issue of

JUDGE (No. 823).

The paper will be found for sale at all newsdealers' and book-sellers', and on all trains.

Be sure that you get a copy of No. 823.



HE NEEDED BOTH.

MRS. FARMER—"Will you take mince- or apple-pie?"
HAFFAN HAFF—"I allus takes 'em together, mum. De mince-pie is indigestible, an' de apple-pie acts as a gentle cathartic."

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An immense extent of primeval forest, where game of all kinds is to be found.

This wonderful region—located in Northern New York—is reached from Chicago by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from St. Louis by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Cincinnati by all lines in connection with the New York Central; from Montreal by the New York Central; from Boston by a through car over the Boston & Albany, in connection with the New York Central; from New York by the through car lines of the New York Central; from Buffalo and Niagara Falls by the New York Central.

A 32-page folder and map entitled "The Adirondack Mountains and How to Reach Them" sent free, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of a 1-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.